

# Adair County News

VOLUME XXIV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY JAN. 12, 1921.

NUMBER 12

## Attempt to Rob Bank of Columbia

## Four Men Enter Columbia In Automobile But Fail In Their Mission.

### ROBBERS FIRED ON AT LEBANON.

Sunday night between twelve and one o'clock four men attempted to rob the Bank of Columbia, but they failed to get a dollar or any valuable papers. They came to Columbia in an automobile which they stopped on the pike near the Christian church. The men then made their way to the bank, picking up Pete Garvin, who is the chauffeur on the auto mail line between Campbellsville and Columbia. They conveyed him to the bank and after jimmieing the front door he was placed in the back-room and guarded. The robbers then knocked off the combination of the door leading into the vestibule of the main vault. About this time the robbers became frightened and left. They left their tools and a grass sack in the bank, the sack was brought along, it is believed, to carry away the money. Some young men who had been up playing rook, gave the alarm and a party of men started in pursuit, in the meantime notifying officers at Campbellsville and Lebanon. At Lebanon the police tried to stop them but failed. The officers shot twelve or fourteen shots into the car occupied by the robbers, and they report here that they think some of the shots took effect. Even if the robbers had got into the vault they would not have gotten a dollar nor a valuable document. Every thing was under a screw lock, and that safe could not have been opened by the bandits. The Bank of Columbia is a strong institution and its business will not be retarded.

This same bank on the 29th day of April, 1872, was robbed by the James boys and Youngers and its cashier R. A. C. Martin killed.

### FROM THE BANK OFFICIALS

We desire to say to the public that we have talked to the officials of both the Bank of Columbia and the First National Bank and are informed and we know it is true, that they have the best and latest burglar-proof safes that are made and that no burglar has ever entered one of their make, at any time or place, and that all the money, bonds and War Savings Certificates belonging to the said banks and their customers were in those safes and are always in them and under triple time locks and no set of burglars could possibly enter either of these safes.

This is the 22nd attempt to rob banks in Kentucky but never a safe was entered by force.

Besides all this security, these Banks carry burglar insurance sufficient to cover the full amount of all such deposits and securities, their own and those of customers. So the public is absolutely safe, whether robberies occur or not.

These two Banks have joined in a reward of \$500.00 for the arrest and conviction of all or any number of these robbers.

These safes are kept under time locks even during the day.

In addition to all these precautions, sufficient guards will be maintained to protect the banks against burglary.

The fact is the people's money and valuable papers are safer in the bank's safes, than elsewhere, from burglars or from fire.

### Down Again.

Pilgrim Coffee 12 cents,  
Monarch Coffee 20 cents.  
10 lbs Sugar \$1.00

Russell & Co.

Mr. J. T. Page has had a metal roof put upon his residence. Mr. H. T. Walker did the work.

Born, to the wife of Cleve Burton, at McGaha, January 4, 1921. a daughter.

I have a lot of good shingles for sale at \$4.00 per thousand.

Geo. Bailey, Roy, Ky.

Mr. Jo Knifley purchased of Mr. W. H. Sandusky the latter's fine Reo car. Price, private.

Last Saturday was Jackson's Day, so named for the victory the old General gained over the British at New Orleans in 1815.

When you buy shoes, be sure you get the best. The best for the price no matter what the price may be at Murray's.

Mr. Aaron Haynes, who lives near Russell Springs, was reported very low a few days ago—not expected to live. He is about sixty years old.

I have some customers that it is a pleasure to credit. Find out if it is you.

W. I. Ingram.

Geo. H. and Guy Nell purchased the J. T. Goodman farm, out on the Glasgow road, last Thursday for \$5,750. The farm contains 75 acres and is very productive.

### For Sale.

One combination fire proof safe in good condition. Call at this office.

Bloodhounds arrived last Tuesday, about midnight, to trail the man who entered Albert Bryant's house and who struck Mrs. Bryant, but they failed to nose a trail.

Take a dose of Herbine when you are bilious or constipated, or your stomach is out of order. It is a marvel of promptness in correcting these conditions. Price, 60c. Sold by Paull Drug Co.

Mr. Finis Rosenbaum informs us that he is contemplating erecting a show-house on his lot where the shoe shop now stands. He also stated that Mr. Clirk, of Campbellsville, has spoken to him for a building with the view of putting Columbia on the chain of his show towns.

The loose leaf houses in the Central part of the State opened last week, but not many sales were knocked off, the prices offered being too low for the growers, and they withdrew their tobacco. In some counties organizations were perfected to curtail the growing of the weed for a few years.

Buyers failed to put in an appearance at Campbellsville Loose Leaf last Thursday, and the sale was indefinitely postponed. Many farmers were present and a great deal of tobacco was ready for the sale. The Lebanon sale was called for the day before, but it was also postponed.

The two banking institutions of this place had a fine run of business during the year 1920. They are well managed, and while money is not as plentiful at this time as it has been, the banks are in high hopes of increasing their business of the past year during the coming twelve months.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hutchinson, who lived in Portis, Kansas, died about two weeks ago. She was 77 years old, and was a native of Hart county. She leaves a number of relatives in Adair, M. L. Mitchell, J. O. and J. M. Russell being first cousins. Mrs. Hutchinson, before her marriage was a Walcott, and her mother was a Mitchell. About three years ago she and her daughter visited in Columbia.

The farm lands in this county are probably not as valuable as two years ago, but the land is just as good and as much truck can be grown now as was gathered two years ago. Just because the demand for farm products is not as great as it was a few months ago, is no reason why a man should sell his farm for a song. Let the farmer put the seed in the ground and cultivate the land. The farmer will come out all right in the end.

## Death of a Good Citizen.

Mr. J. T. Johnston, who was one of Adair county's best citizens, died in the Cane Valley section last Tuesday night. He had been confined to his bed for a number of weeks, and his death was not a surprise. His death is not only a serious blow to his family, but to the neighborhood where he had long resided. He was a conscientious good citizen, a kind neighbor, every body who knew him having a good word to say of his life and splendid Christian character. He had long been a member of the Methodist Church, and was ever ready to contribute to all the ordinances of the organization. The funeral services were held at Mt. Carmel on Wednesday, a large number of relatives and friends attending.

He is survived by his wife and several children.

## Charged With Horsestealing.

Rollin Hadley, who says that he is a native of Adair county, was arrested at Fairplay last Wednesday by Sheriff Cortez Sanders and Jailer A. W. Tarter, charged with stealing a horse near Hardyville, Hart county. He was brought to Columbia and an effort made to get in communication with Hart county parties, but failed. Later in the day Otto Bryant came to Columbia and made an affidavit which stated that he had reasonable grounds to believe that Hadley had stolen a horse. Early the next morning Mr. Tarter left with the prisoner for Hart county.

Hadley claimed that he walked all the way from Hardyville to Fairplay, walking the distance to Gradyville in the night. He told how many hours it took him to make the trip, and calculating the distance, he made the trip at the rate of six miles an hour. It would require a good walking horse to have made the distance in the same length of time. He claims to have a wife in Hart county to whom he was married in Louisville some weeks ago. He said he had his wife failed to agree and that he had left for good.

## A Merited Compliment.

Judge Rollin Hurt, who succeeded Judge Carroll as Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals at the reorganization of the Court the other day, has been a member of the Court of Appeals since January, 1915, and has had six years experience on the bench of the State's highest tribunal. He has been a hard worker during his service on the bench and ranks as one of the ablest judicial officers. He is a native of Adair county, a neighboring county of Marion, and our people have had no cause to regret the handsome way in which he honored him in his race for Appellate Judge when he was overwhelmingly elected to the bench. Being an unusually hard worker, Judge Hurt is well qualified for the executive officer of the Court. He possesses a judicial temperament and quick conception of the law in matters that come to the Chief Justice notice for action. Judge Hurt has made a wide circle of friends during his stay at the Capitol.—Frankfort Note in Lebanon Enterprise.

## Items From the Record.

During the year 1920 County Court Clerk S. C. Neat issued 132 white marriage license. Colored, 12.

For the year 1921, up to January 5th, he issued 275 auto license and 27 truck licenses. There are a few owners of autos who have not yet applied for license.

\*Twenty Chauffeur licenses have been issued.

Licenses paid on 753 dogs.

## Columbia Taxi Co.

Ford Cars to and from Campbellsville Daily. Rates \$1.50 each way.

Phone No. 52-E or 12, or see R. L. Wethington, Columbia, Ky. 12-1f

Our shoe department is full up with dependable shoes at the new spring prices

Russell & Co.

Mr. A. W. Tarter, Jailer of the county, who carried Rollin Hadley to Hart county, charged with stealing a horse, returned last Thursday night. He stated to the News that he delivered the right man.

Find out how long it will suit me to credit you. If the terms don't suit you get your credit elsewhere.

W. I. Ingram.

Mr. Abot Wilson, son of Mr. Logan Wilson, Russell Springs, and Miss Clara Hopper, who lives out in the country a few miles from the Springs, were married a few days ago. The couple, at present, is at the home of the groom's, but they will soon commence housekeeping.

Spring Dress Gingham, standard brands 20 cents per yard.

Russell & Co.

The store-house of Charles Robinson, Long View, Russell county, was entered by thieves a few nights ago, and several suits of clothing, some overalls and a few overcoats stolen. No clew up to this writing, though some of the goods were found out in the woods.

If your children need school books and school supplies give them the cash to pay for them. I do not sell them on time.

W. I. Ingram.

Mr. W. E. Noe has removed to the residence he recently purchased from Mr. N. B. Kelsay, opposite where Mr. J. Press Miller resides. Mr. Jo M. Reed, who has been living on Green river for several years, has removed to the residence vacated by Mr. Noe. Mr. Reed is a native of Columbia and tired of farming.

We have a good assortment of mens and Boys suits and overcoats (custom made suits) that we are selling at today's manufacturers prices.

Russell & Co.

Last Tuesday a man named Bell met with an accident just below Davis & Co's hardware store that proved both troublesome and expensive. He was driving four horses hitched to a wagon loaded with corn. An auto came along the horses scared, turned over the waggon, broke the tongue and did some other damage.

Last Wednesday night some one got into Mrs. Etta Caldwell's house on Greensburg street. Mrs. Caldwell heard a noise and she screamed. Mr. Tilden Wilcox, who is a neighbor, heard her, and grabbing his gun went over. The man was going out the back way and he fired on him, but the intruder escaped. Mrs. Caldwell did not miss anything.

All persons holding Warrants against the County (General Funds) issued Oct. 1920, and of prior date are requested to call on me for payment. Interest to cease Jan. 13th, 1921.

Bert Epperson, County Treas.

12-2t

The Mrs. P. W. Dohoney farm, near town, which was sold by Master Commissioner W. A. Coffey, by a decree of court, county court day, to J. H. Young for \$4,350 was a clear sale. Mr. Young has already made bond for the purchase money. He expects to improve the farm and will have it cultivated in the event he does not sell it. It can be made a very desirable plantation.

We learned from Mr. Art Hurt, who was here last week, that his father, Mr. Geo. J. Hurt, is still in the hospital at Dayton, Ohio. He said that his father was in bed, could not walk, and taking his age, 73, into consideration, he doubted if he ever fully recovered. It will be remembered that about six months ago, while visiting in this county, Mr. Hurt got badly managed by the turning over of a wagon, on the Russell Springs road.

## Subscribe for The News. Paid List.

The following are new paid subscribers and renewals since our issue of last Tuesday.

Mrs. Cattie Willis, J. W. Coy, L. M. Watson, N. R. Christie, Hudson Conover, C. H. Campbell, G. B. Smith, J. V. Willis, Virgil Collins, Mrs. J. B. Jones, Jas. F. Logan, Mrs. Alice Walker, Hall Baker, John W. Morrison, Mrs. W. L. Parks, Mrs. Judith Ellis, T. A. Firkin, A. E. Wheeler, J. S. Royse, Mrs. Mary Biggs, Mrs. Wm. Coleman, W. A. Garnett, S. R. Ford, W. W. Murrell, Miss Annie Conover, U. N. Whitlock, Mrs. Robt. J. Pentecost, L. T. Neat, J. D. Todd, John Rose, M. M. Ingram, Mrs. J. C. Bault, Jo Morgan, E. M. Montgomery, Lon F. Loy, H. J. Sherrer, F. A. Rosenbaum, W. G. Holliday, Mrs. Laura Jackman, John D. Lowe, Melvin, Conover, R. T. Caldwell, Thos. A. Sheridan, S. Stevenson, W. A. Crooks, H. G. Chilson, S. A. Hatcher, J. F. Reynolds, Mrs. W. E. Golder.

## Christmas Marriages.

During the holidays there were several weddings in the upper end of Adair county:

At Knifley Miss Hazel Knifley was united to Mr. P. R. Goode, both prominent. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Knifley and the groom a son of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Goode.

On Monday, the 3rd inst., Mr. G. M. Henson and Miss Bessie Cabbell were joined in wedlock. This couple live at Dunnville, Casey county, and the bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Cabbell, her parents formerly residents of Joppa, Adair county.

At Cane Valley Mr. Ray Smith, of Campbellsville, was married to Miss Mary Page, a popular and deserving young lady, a daughter of Mr. Wm. Page.

## Died From an Operation.

Three weeks ago Mrs. Mattie Carnes, who was the beloved wife of Mr. Varo Carnes, was conveyed to St. Anthony Hospital, Louisville, for an operation. It was a complicated case and the patient gradually grew weaker until the end, which came last Thursday at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Her remains reached here Friday afternoon and from here were conveyed to the deceased' former home, Amandaville, Cumberland county.

The deceased was a highly respected lady, a devout member of the Baptist Church. Her death was a serious blow, not only to the immediate members of the family, but to the entire community. She was 41 years old, and her funeral was largely attended.

## 500 Hundred Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Reed entertained a number of their married friends very delightfully Saturday evening, Jan. 8th, at their home on Burkesville Street. Five hundred, was played and delicious refreshments were served at the close of the game. The following were present: Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Russell, Dr. and Mrs. O. P. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Frazier, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Cravens, Mr. and Mrs. Eros Barger, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Taylor.

## Died at Mt. Pleasant.

Mrs. Lena Hendrickson, who was the devoted wife of Mr. Lucien Hendrickson, died at her home, near Mt. Pleasant Church, last Saturday. She was quite a young woman, one who had many friends, and who will be greatly missed. She was a daughter of Eld. M. F. Harmon, who lives in Mississippi. Her mother was a Squires, and she was a niece of Mr. W. F. Squires, who lives near town.

What I have left of Mens and boys suits and overcoats at cost at Murray's.

## Died at Knifley.

Mr. Jo Emmett, who was about fifty years old, a good citizen, died near Knifley the first of this month. His funeral was largely attended. He was never married.

We can now supply you with "over-seas" caps for 25cts each. We also have the long trousers without laces at the bottom for \$1.00 per pair. Call and see them.

T. G. Rasner & Son.

12-2t

Columbia, Ky.

## Just Arrived.

My new Spring samples of Dry goods etc., from Mitchell & Church Co., New York. I have them on display in my home, Hancock Hotel. Call and see them. Prices right. Phone No. 142

Mrs. Geo. E. Wilson.

We have a big supply of army laundry bags for sale at 35 cents each. The material can be used for many things. Colors, white, blue and tan. Come in and see them and other big bargains

T. G. Rasner & Son,

12-2t

Columbia, Ky.

## Spirella Reduced.

I am booking my Spring orders for Spirella corsets now. Easter comes early. Spring catalogue shows many new styles. A corset for every type of woman, made to her measure. Prices reduced. Satisfaction guaranteed. Phone No. 142. Columbia, Ky.

Mrs. Geo. E. Wilson.

Our sales for 1920 were by far the largest we have ever had. We will try to make 1921 another record breaker. In a few days we will be receiving new purchases of stock in all departments. Prices will be the lowest that cash can obtain.

Russell & Co.

## Doing Well.

Mrs. Collins Bridgewater (nee Miss Mary Breeding,) and her sister, Mrs. Charles Pyle, of Lincoln county, have recently submitted to operations, which were performed in St. Anthony Hospital, Louisville. Mrs. Bridgewater is now at her home in Louisville, and Mrs. Pyle is expected to be able to leave the hospital in about a week. They are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Breeding, this place.

## Study the Bible.

Because people don't know the Bible the first stiff breeze of skepticism sweeps them off their feet; Genesis is THE BOOK that the Devil makes his target, because it is the formation of the Bible. All of the doctrines of the Bible are in germ form in Genesis. Get posted on Genesis and you will be as solid as a rock. Come and study this book with us every Wednesday night at the Baptist Church.

Leslie J. B. Smith, Pastor.

## MacComb, III.

1. 3, '21.

Adair County News, Columbia, Ky.,

I am enclosing you postal note for the amount of \$1.50 of which please credit me for your most welcome visitor, Adair County News. I intended visiting old Adair this winter, but have declined until some more convenient season. With best wishes to the News and all its numerous readers.

I am as ever,

Jas. F. Logan.

We have received a personal and very cheerful letter from Mr. C. S. Harris, West Point, Miss. He is in fine shape, and is out to increase his possessions during the year 1921. This will be gratifying news to his many Adair county friends. In one respect he is like Dave Crockett. When he is sure he is right, he goes ahead.

Elk Brand Overalls.

Murray's Store.





SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Lonely and almost friendless, Tonnibel Devon, living on a canal boat, child of a brutal father and a worn-out, discouraged mother, wanders into a Salvation army hall at Ithaca, N. Y. There she meets a young Salvation army captain, Philip MacCauley.

CHAPTER II.—Uriah Devon, Tony's father, returns to the boat from a projected "spree," and announces he has arranged for Tony to marry a worthless companion of his, Reginald Brown. Mrs. Devon objects, and Uriah beats her. She estimates there is a secret connected with Tonnibel.

CHAPTER III.—In clothes that Uriah had brought Tony finds a baby's picture with a notification of a reward for its return to a Doctor Pendlehaven. She goes to return the picture.

CHAPTER IV.—With the Pendlehavens, a family of wealth, live Mrs. Curtis, a cousin, her son and daughter, Katherine Curtis and Reginald Brown. Katherine is deeply in love with Philip MacCauley.

CHAPTER V.—Tonnibel returns the picture to Doctor John, and learns it belongs to his brother, Dr. Paul Pendlehaven. It is a portrait of Doctor Paul's child, who had been stolen in her infancy, and her loss has wrecked Doctor Paul's life. Doctor John goes with Tony to the canal boat and ministers to Mrs. Devon while she is unconscious.

CHAPTER VI.—Returning to consciousness, Mrs. Devon is informed by Tony of her visitor. She is deeply agitated, makes Tony swear she will never tell of Devon's brutality, and disappears.

CHAPTER VII.—Tony's personality and her loneliness appeal to Doctor John and he arranges to take her into his house as a companion to his invalid brother.

CHAPTER VIII.—Tony's presence in the house has a good effect on Doctor Paul. He begins to take a new interest in life. Visiting the canal boat, Tony finds Reginald Brown there. He attempts to kiss her. Captain MacCauley appears and throws the man into the lake. Uriah Devon orders MacCauley off his boat.

CHAPTER IX.—With the girl a captive Devon insists that she shall marry Brown. On her persistent refusal he beats her brutally, throws her into the cabin, unmoors the boat, and starts to leave Ithaca. MacCauley follows in his canoe. He takes the girl into the canoe through the cabin window. The men believe Tony has committed suicide. MacCauley declares his love, and Tony acknowledges she returns it. The girl returns to the Pendlehaven home.

CHAPTER X.—At dinner in the Pendlehaven home MacCauley, not knowing of her presence in the house, meets Tony, and his affectionate greeting alarms Katherine and her mother.

This was a shock for Philip. That any girl could speak to her own mother in such a way was beyond his comprehension. The door opened just then and Dr. John walked in.

"She came down to tell me that Paul wanted me and forgot it," he said in a low tone. "The poor child is quite overcome."

Mrs. Curtis tossed her head and rose from the table, and Katherine, rising also, followed her mother out of the room.

There was very little said between the young man and his older friend after the ladies had taken their departure, but when Captain MacCauley was ready to leave, he looked anxiously at his companion.

"Cousin John," he murmured. "You won't let any one—"

"Indeed not," interrupted the doctor, anticipating the lad's plea. "Tony Devon is here to stay, Phil."

"Could I—could I see her, Cousin John, just a minute?" the boy faltered. "Not tonight, old fellow," replied the doctor, kindly. "Tomorrow, perhaps."

And Philip had to be content.

That evening Katherine spent with her mother in hopeless misery.

"He acted just as if he loved her," she wailed at one time in their conversation. "I'd give anything to find out how long he's known her."

"So would I," said Mrs. Curtis. "Katherine, we've got to get her away by some means. She's bewitched John—she's brought Paul up from his grave—and there's no telling, she may usurp your place in their wills."

"And now she's hoodwinked Philip," gulped Katherine. "Can't you think of some plan? Can't we claim she steals or something like that?"

"John wouldn't believe it, especially now that Reggie is coming home," was the answer. "His letter today said he'd be here very soon. Everything that happens in this house out of the ordinary is blamed on my poor boy. And she began again to cry."

"Great Heavens, mother, don't do that," screamed Katherine. "Can't you see weeping doesn't do any good? You make me so nervous I could fly. We've got to make some plan to get her out of here. While you're sniveling all the time, you can't think."

Mrs. Curtis rose and walked to her bedroom door.

"My children have no sympathy for me at all," she shot back. "But you say I can't think while I cry? Well, watch me! I'll bet you five dollars Tony Devon is out of this house before another week is over."

The next morning when Reggie Brown came home, he went directly

to his mother. Of course, as usual, she wept at the sight of him and began to upbraid him for his thoughtlessness. Why hadn't he let her know where he was? Why had he been gone so long?

Reggie laughed insolently. "Do I ever let you know where I go, mother?" he demanded, dropping into an easy chair. "No, I don't, and I won't! I've come for five hundred dollars I have to have. Now cough it up."

"I haven't that much money in the world," sobbed Mrs. Curtis.

"Then wheedle it out of Cousin John," he commanded. "I've simply got to have it!"

Paying no heed to his gruff command, Mrs. Curtis rocked to and fro in excess of agony.

"If Paul had died," she wept, "we'd have had a lot of money—"

"How do you know?" was Reggie's quick query.

"Because I know how his will's made," explained his mother, "and unless his Caroline is found, your Cousin John and I get all his money." Reggie's eyes blazed into a flame of interest. Money was the only thing that attracted him.

"Why doesn't he die, then?" he asked, dropping back sullenly. "He's old enough and sick enough, isn't he?"

"Because he's getting well," replied his mother. "That girl—"

"What girl?" Reggie's voice asked the question in monotone.

"Some huzzy John picked up not long ago," was the reply. "She's brought Paul to life, and John is wild about her, and now—"

"Where is she?" interjected Reginald. "With your Cousin Paul. And, Reggie, I'd give five hundred to get her out of the house."

The boy rose and stood gazing down at the tips of his highly polished boots.

"I'd give more than that," he replied solemnly, "to know Cousin Paul was in his grave."

"Then rid us of the girl, and he'll soon keel over," said the mother.

But Reginald wasn't interested in Cousin Paul's new companion. He wanted money and that was all, now that Tony Devon was dead.

"How about the five hundred for me?" he questioned, looking at her keenly.

"I've said I hadn't it, my son," said she. "Now run away and don't bother me any more."

Reggie did leave the room, but not the house. His mind was filled with many plans to get hold of the cash he needed. There were two things had to be done. Whoever the girl with Cousin Paul was, she had to go. It was enough that his mother didn't want her in the house. Reggie could abuse his own women folks; he could make them cry all he wanted to, but that any one, and a stranger too, could force his mother into a spell of hysterics, he wouldn't tolerate.

Then the other thing to which he had made up his mind almost brought his hair on end when he contemplated it. The world had to be relieved of Cousin Paul.

A little drop of something—Reggie rose to his feet and walked nervously up and down the room. 'Twould be easy enough to get hold of, for Dr. John always had plenty of drugs on hand.

That afternoon he met Captain MacCauley on State street. The sight of Reggie's slim swaggering figure brought Philip to a quick decision. He stopped directly in front of Brown, and, as it was the first time they'd met since the memorable moment when Reggie had been flung in the lake, they looked embarrassedly into each other's eyes.

"So you decided to come home?" asked Philip, his voice sharply toned.

Reggie gathered together his courage and curled his lips. Why should he be afraid of a Salvation-army captain even if he were rich?

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" he sneered. "And it's none of your business, anyway."

"It's my business about how you treat Tony Devon," Philip began, but Reggie's fresh outburst cut off his words.

"Nobody'll ever treat her any way after this," he almost groaned. "She's dead, drowned in the lake."

A horrified expression passed over Philip's face. Then he realized that Reginald didn't know of Tony Devon's presence in the Pendlehaven home.

"She's better off then than she was the last time you saw her," he said and whirled away.

Twenty minutes later Philip was talking to John Pendlehaven.

"You promised last night I could see her today," he pleaded. "I'll promise only to stay a few minutes. May I go up?"

"No; I'll call Tony down," was the reply. "I don't want Paul disturbed today."

When the boy and girl stood facing each other, embarrassment kept them silent for some moments. Philip had decided to find out whether Tony knew of Reginald Brown's connection with the Pendlehavens, although he was positive in his own mind she did not. "It's a nice day," he blurted out, and Tonnibel's low "yes" was her only answer. How pretty she looked, thought Philip, and how much he desired to kiss her as he had the other time in the breaking dawn on the shore of Lake Cayuga.

"Tony," he said huskily, "don't you—don't you—like me at all?" Tonnibel opened her eyes to their fullest extent. Why, hadn't she kissed



"Tony, Don't You Like Me at All?"

him, oh, ever so many times? No girl would do that—She blushed and studied the tip of her pretty shoe.

"Don't you, Tony, or if you don't, couldn't you?" pleaded the boy.

"I like you heaps," she breathed with suppressed emotion. She wanted to throw her arms about him right then, to tell him how she had longed to be with him, all about her promise that she would not leave the house again without some one with her. She was considering this when—

"I wanted to ask you—if you've seen that man again?" said Philip. "The one I—"

"You slung in the lake?" interrupted Tonnibel, a dimple peeping out at the corner of her mouth. "No, never. I guess old Reggie thinks I'm dead, don't you?"

"I saw him in town today," he told her finally and then almost cursed himself for his brutality. She had gone so white and was looking about her helplessly.

"He'll find me, maybe," she hesitated, a haunted expression coming into her eyes. "Maybe he will."

"No, he won't; not if you let me help you," exclaimed Philip. "Now, listen to me! Don't go out of Cousin Paul's rooms for anything, no matter what. Call a servant if you want anything downstairs. And don't leave the house unless you go with me. I want your promise that you will not come downstairs. Will you give it to me?"

Tony didn't understand why she should promise this, and a whimsical thought came into her mind that she was always making promises to some one, but she couldn't refuse him, and Philip went away a little happier and feeling much more secure.

CHAPTER XI.

"I Love You More'n the Whole World!"

One late afternoon Philip MacCauley started for the Pendlehavens', desirous of seeing Tony Devon. Katherine saw him guiding his car up the roadway and ran to the door to meet him. Her smile was especially radiant for she had begun to lose her fear about Tonnibel's influence over him. "Sit down, Phil," she entreated. "Mother's sick today. Reggie almost sets her into fits."

Philip still remained standing.

"And you've kept away so much, dear boy," complained the girl. "It seems you don't care for us any more."

"I do, though, but I've been busy," replied Philip, not able to think of any other excuse.

"But you've always been busy, more or less," the girl shot back, "and yet you came. Mother and I have come to the conclusion that you couldn't have been very much interested in—in Cousin Paul's protegee. You haven't even asked about her."

Philip coughed embarrassedly, then laughed.

"The fact is, I came to see her today," he exclaimed.

Katherine went wax white.

"What do you want to see her for?" she asked sharply.

"Oh, just to talk to her," replied MacCauley, awkwardly.

Katherine shook her head. "I don't believe you can," she protested dubiously. "Cousin John won't let any of us go up to Paul's room, and she never comes down any more."

"Where's Reggie?" demanded the boy.

"Oh, he's gone to Trumansburg today," answered Katherine, listlessly. "And I am glad of it. I wish he'd never come back. He keeps mother in tears most of the time he's here."

"And Cousin John! I want to ask him if I can take Miss Devon—"

Katherine's head went up in disdain.

"I know what you want to ask him," she interrupted tartly. "But you needn't waste your sympathy on that Devon girl. But mamma says—"

Continued on Page 8.

## DAVIS HARDWARE COMPANY.

Successors to Jeffries Hardware Store

Dealer In

All kinds of Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Buggies, Harness and Farming Implements. A carefully selected stock of Hardware at Reasonable prices. Tinware, Wagon, Paints and Oils.

A Full Line of Farm Implements

We Also Handle Auto Supplies

We invite you to call and see us when in the market for anything in our line

## DAVIS HARDWARE CO.

At the Jeffries Old Stand

Phone 171

Columbia Kentucky.

## W. B. PATTESON

GENERAL INSURANCE

International Made-to-Measure Clothes.

Second Floor, Jeffries Building.

COLUMBIA, - - KY.

## LINDSEY WILSON TRAINING SCHOOL

COLUMBIA KENTUCKY.

Offers strong courses in Grades, High School, Normal, Piano and Voice. Athletics under a trained athlete. Wholesome environment. Student body of high moral character.

Rates \$186.00 a year. Catalogue upon request.

R. V. Bennett, B. A. Principal.

## OUR NEW STORE

619 South Fourth, Near Chestnut St is easily accessible, right in the shopping district of Louisville, and we would be glad to see our many friends and patrons of Adair county at our new quarters.

The same integrity, painstaking service and rock bottom prices prevail here with greatly improved facilities, we can serve you better than never in your need for

WALL PAPER, RUGS, DRAPERIES  
LINOLEUM and CARPETS

Hubbuck Bros. & Wellendorff  
INCORPORATED.

For More Than 40 Years on Market Street

One of the Best Stores of Louisville, Ky.

Res. Phone 13-B. Business Phone 13-A

## Dr. J. N. Murrell

—DENTIST—

Office, Front Rooms Jeffries Bldg.

UP STAIRS.

COLUMBIA, KY

## L. H. Jones

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist of a

Special attention given Disease Domestic Animals

Office at Re. 1 mile of town, on

Columbia, Ky.

## A. F. SCOTT

DEALER IN

GARFORD TRUCKS

1½, 2, 3½, AND 5 TON

For Low Cost per Ton, Mile

SEE

A. F. SCOTT,

Casey Creek, Ky.



Sold by Paul Drug Company.

GIVE US THAT NEXT JO  
OUR WORK IS UP-TO-DA



## VIENNA DEATH RATE BECOMES APPALLING

Condition of Children Even More Harrowing, Declares Authority on City's Desperate Plight.

Five years of famine have resulted in greatly increased mortality and morbidity in Vienna which before the war was counted as one of the healthiest cities in Europe. Figures prepared by Dr. Gustave Bohn, head of the Vienna Health Department, show that in 1913 the death rate was 15.3 per thousand. In 1918 the rate was 22.5 per thousand, an increase of more than 47 per cent.

Professor Hans Spel of the University of Vienna, says that "even more terrible than the mortality statistics are those referring to the condition of children and their mothers. Owing to under-nourishment few mothers can nurse their babies, and the milk shortage affects not only infants, but all children in spite of all that has been done to help. At Professor Clemens Pirquet's clinic in the university some 54,849 children were examined in 1918. Only 4,637 of these or about one-thirteenth were passed as skin good, fat good; 23,009 were pale and thin, or very pale and very thin. "The health of these children shows most disquieting features. Skin disease, rachitis and Barlow's disease are rife. "The chief medical officer of Vienna asks, 'What is going to happen to these under-fed children, in whose bodies the germ of tuberculosis is latent, when they reach the twenties, at which time it becomes active?'"

To combat these conditions the American Relief Administration, of which Herbert Hoover is chairman fed last winter in the city of Vienna some \$90,000 of the destitute and under-nourished children, supplying them with a substantial meal of American food, served in a number of large kitchens opened for that purpose.

The conditions in Vienna are more or less typical of those in Poland and other countries of Central and Eastern Europe. Last year the Relief Administration was able to reach some 8,500,000 under-nourished children and this winter the program calls for the feeding of a like number, but eight of the great charitable organizations of America have united under the name of the European Relief Council, of which Mr. Hoover is the chairman. The child feeding task will be carried on not only by the American Relief Administration but by the American Red Cross, the American Friends' Service Committee (Quakers), the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the Knights of Columbus, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. An appeal for \$38,000,000 has been made and the organizations named have joined in raising the sum.

## LAUGHTER OF CHILD SCARCE IN POLAND

"In all the time I was in Poland, I scarcely once saw a child laugh," declared Dr. Harry Plotz, discoverer of the typhus bacillus, in a report to the European Relief Council on medical conditions among the Jewish population of Poland, based on his recent investigations there for the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee.

"The most deplorable sight of all the miseries in Poland is the condition of the children," Dr. Plotz said. "Infant mortality is exceedingly high because of under-nourishment and the high percentage of contagious diseases. In large part mothers must resort to artificial feeding as they are unable to nurse their children. In many cities I saw underfed children, suffering with diseases, wandering about the streets with no place to go, begging for bread."

Tuberculosis has become prevalent among the Jewish children, largely due to the overcrowded conditions in which they are forced to live, their lack of nourishing food and warm clothing, according to Dr. Plotz. Typhus, which killed thousands of Jews last winter in the worst epidemic Poland has ever seen will recur again, he said, as conditions are much worse among the Jews than ever before.

"Favus, a contagious skin disease, is now rapidly spreading from child to child," he continued. "In Vilna there are 11,000 cases among the Jewish children alone. Smallpox, too, is prevalent throughout Poland and the Ukraine and children, with widespread eruptions and temperature, have been seen running about the streets. There are thousands of cases every year, which vaccination would prevent, but there is no vaccine."

Dr. Plotz told how in Lithuanian villages he found children, six and seven years old, unable to walk or talk, the result of malnutrition. In regions where whole towns had been destroyed during the war, he found families crowded in miserable dug-outs.

### The Greatest Gift.

Your Christmas gift to the European child relief collection may help in saving a child's life and is earnestly solicited. Send checks to the local committee of the joint organizations or direct to European Relief Council, 42 Broadway, New York City.

## What are you Going to do With Them.

Foreigners are pouring through Ellis Island, New York, at the rate of 3000 daily, this is 21000 weekly.

It is said from 10 to 12 million are waiting on the other side to come to America just as soon as passports and transportation can be had.

It is further said that this great horde of foreigners is the worst average lot that ever come to our shores. They are not coming from the better countries, they come from Italy, Austria Hungary, Germany, Rumania etc.

We people, who have a rural population in Kentucky have seen but little of the foreigners settling among us.

It the near future we may expect to see many of them as they spread over the country.

The flood gales of Europe are about to break loose upon us.

A few but only a few of the members of Congress are voicing a protest,

Protests amounts to nothing unless action is had in checking the flood.

America, long known as the melting pot, where foreigners change their ways and become Americans, cannot always melt it, if it is poured in too fast. Most of these people are infidel in religion, low in morals, opposed to government in general and wholly unsuited for your next door neighbor or adjoining farm owner.

What will Congress do about the immigration danger now discussed in Congress and in the daily press?

It will do absolutely nothing.

Why will it do nothing?

You know the answer yourself before it is given.

The foreign element and vote of this country is located in the Eastern cities and the northern states.

There is scarcely a Congressman of the north or east but what has thousands of foreigners in his district.

He is afraid to offend them he would not be re-elected.

He will not vote to cut off or lessen immigration from any one nation because the thousands of foreigners from that nation already here would be against him for it.

The southern members of this Congress will line up practically solid against the tide of immigration but they are too few in number to do any good.

You will not stop immigration of undesirables with a Congress filled with such names as Rosenbaum, Bunkheizer, Rhodenburg and Oskofe etc.

If a man will look at the list on paper that makes the present Congress he will not doubt for a moment why we assert that there will be nothing done to stop the long droves of foreigners pouring every hour in the day and night into our country to pollute our good old American citizenship.

It wasn't necessary to invoke the Volstead Law to curb the making of home-brew. The work would have been done just as well by the law against the indiscriminate manufacture of explosives.—New York World.

# BIG STOCK OF CLOTHING

I am now ready to supply young men, old men and boys with clothing. I have an immense stock and receiving new supplies daily. I can interest you in prices. If you need any thing in this line, call at once.

## SHOES! SHOES!!

My stock of fine shoes for men and boys was selected with care. I bought them right, and they are being sold at the shortest profit.

I can also accommodate ladies and young girls with the latest styles in shoes.

## BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

I have a large supply of the very best makes and I am selling them at living prices. Riding and walking plows, all kinds at LIBERAL DISCOUNT for CASH. It matters not what you need on the farm, I can please you in the article and price.

# WOODSON LEWIS

GREENSBURG, - - - - - KENTUCKY.

Perhaps the Board paid bills twice because they thought it the nautical way—pay out fore and aft.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Hungarian throne has been offered to Prince Axel. It looks like the nucleus of a revolution.—Detroit News.

The Lord won't recognize His Day when they trow with it.—New York Evening Post.

What a pity it is not as easy to enlarge the vision as the membership of Congress.

Nobody but a practical joker would give dad a pocketbook as a Christmas present.

Hell is a place to which we consign people whose tastes in sin differ from ours

Some men are born lazy, some become lazy, and others get sine-cure public offices.

Bryan is a great orator, but not certainly not a "finished speaker."

Some women shine in their own homes and some only in others' homes.

Once upon a time we occasionally got half-fare on the railroads. Now we get it in the restaurants all the time.—Syracuse Herald.

## HENRY W. DEPP,

DENTIST

Am permanently located in Columbia.

All Classes of Dental Work Done.

Crowning and Inlay Work a Specialty.

All Work Guaranteed  
Office:—next door to post office.

Used 40 Years

# CARDUI

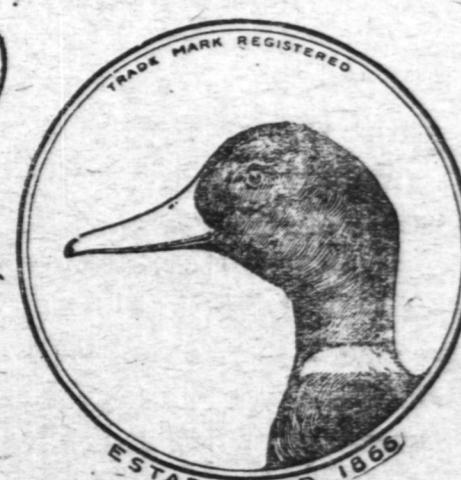
The Woman's Tonic

Sold Everywhere

The Puritan movement will have hard sledding unless the Impuritan movement organizes to defeat it. The saloons forced the Eighteenth Amendment.—Peoria Transcript.

## DUCK HEAD OVERALLS

Save Sign of Duck Head



Made with extreme care for many years by

O'Brien Bros. NASHVILLE

## Columbia Barber Shop

MORAN & LOWE

A Sanitary Shop, where both Satisfaction and Gratification are Guaranteed.

Give us a Trial and be Convinced.



## Adair County News

Published on Wednesdays.

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor

MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, Manager

Democratic newspaper devoted to the interest of the City of Columbia and the people of Adair and adjoining counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second class matter.

WEDN. JAN. 12, 1921.

Subscription Price: 1st and 2nd Postal Zone 1.50 per year. All Zones beyond 2nd \$2.00 per year. A Subscription due and Payable in Advance.

## Announcements.

For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce that W. B. Patteson is a candidate for Sheriff of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican party, expressed at the August primary.

For County Judge

We are authorized to announce Geo. T. Herriford a candidate for Judge of the Adair County Court, subject to the action of the Republican primary to be held the first Saturday in August.

For Sheriff.

After talking with many friends, I have decided to become a candidate for Sheriff of Adair County, subject to the action of the Republican party at the primary election to be held on August 6th, 1921. If elected I promise faithful service in the performance of my duties, I shall feel deeply grateful to all who may see proper to give me their support and influence.

Very Truly Yours,  
George Coffey.

On January 5, a total of 2,355,500 men were reported out of employment in the United States.

The canvass for county offices in Adair this year will be indulged in altogether by the Republicans. All the Democrats can do is to get back and halloo, "sick em."

Mr. Sam Z. Hardin, a native of Monticello, a prominent lawyer, died at London, Ky., a few days ago. He had practiced law at London for nearly twenty years. Mr. Hardin was known to quite a number of Columbians.

Mr. Leslie Larimore, of Greensburg, is an applicant for United States Marshal to succeed Edgar James. He is a good man and as a change will be made we would be glad if Mr. Larimore knocked the plum.

We want to notify the crooks of Louisville that the next time we visit their very quiet (?) city, we will leave our diamonds at home. We will have nothing upon our person but a twist of long green, and we are satisfied that the light fingered gents are too delicate to use it.

Congressman Cantrill, who himself is a tobacco grower, is urging the farmers to hold their tobacco. He tells them that there is a conspiracy among the big manufacturers to steal the present crop from the farmers. They think because the growers are in debt that they are bound to sell, and for this reason the big manufacturers have formed a combination to rob them. Mr. Cantrill claims that the State and Federal laws are sufficient to prevent the theft.

To enforce the Volstead act the government is up against a proposition. It will not only take a large amount of money, say \$9,000,000 for this year's work, but it will take many extra men and constant watching. Paul F. Myers, Assistant Commissioner of Internal Revenue, declares that to enforce the law is a tough proposition, from the fact that the government is dealing with the worst lot of crooks the country has ever known.

The New York Times notes that 9,000 employees of the Pullman company have agreed to take less pay while the company goes through the readjustment period. These are not, we may say, the Pullman porters. They do not expect to take less pay unless the traveling public cuts down on tips. This may come, however. In a period of retrenchment many changes come. But, striking a rough balance, we can be pretty sure that the Pullman porters will probably be able to take care of themselves. —Evening Post.

One of the most difficult problems Germany has to solve relates to the employment of former officers of the army. There are twenty-five or thirty thousand of these men, most of them highly educated in their own profession, who seem lost with no military employment. Some of them are starving, but others are centers of plots against the government. Something over 3,000 former German officers are now holding commissions in the Soviet armies, or were so employed when Russia made her nearly successful drive at Poland some months ago. Many people have believed that the German government sent those officers to Russia, but an equally probable hypothesis is that they went there because they had nothing to do at home, and knew no profession except that of arms.

In to-day's News M. Geo. Coffey announces his candidacy for sheriff of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican party as expressed at the August primary, 1921. Mr. Coffey was born and reared in Columbia, a son of the late Jo Coffey and Mrs. Jennie Coffey. He has been before the people of Adair county quite a bit since he became grown, but this is the first time he ever announced for a county office. For nearly four years he has been a deputy sheriff under Mr. Cortez Sanders, making a very efficient official. He is well liked by every body, and he feels that his long service as a deputy sheriff qualifies him for high sheriff. He has a smile and a good word for all men, and if he has an enemy in the county he is not known to this office. He submits his candidacy, promising, that should he be nominated and elected, he will be faithful to every trust imposed in him. He will personally see the voters later.

"Cut Crop," Mt. Sterling Cry.

"Cut out the crop this year!" was the cry heard at the Farmers' Warehouse after a few crops had been sold here today, and sales were abandoned and a meeting of growers called for 1 o'clock at the Court House in Mt. Sterling. The sentiment is

practically unanimous here for a "cut-out" this year and efforts will be to organize the State along that line. While the feeling is strong, the farmers will endeavor to uphold prices by the "cut-out method." It is said that the warehouses will be petitioned to close down for several weeks, and probably months, until the situation improves.

## "Sectional" Taxes

Announcement is made from Washington that "the sections of the United States which pay 84 per cent of the Federal taxes will have a majority of the Sixty-seventh Congress," the unmistakable inference being that an attempt will be made to shift the burdens of taxation so as to make other sections of the country pay more and New York and New England pay less.

The New York World doubts if such a plan can succeed, and then adds:

A great deal of nonsense has been talked about sectional inequalities of Federal taxation. When New York capitalists control a Western railroad, for example, the taxes are paid in New York, but they are not earned in New York. They are earned in the section in which the railroad is operated and in reality paid by the patrons of the road.

And the same principle holds true with all other lines of industry. The American Woolen Company has a branch in Louisville, and, as it is well managed, we do not doubt that it makes money, and the earnings are duly remitted to the owners of that company, a large majority of whom reside in New England. Similarly the earnings from the earnings from the various Louisville plants of the American Tobacco Company are sent to New York to be distributed in dividends. How silly it is then for the New York man who draws his income from such a source to talk about the "inequalities" or "sectional" character or a tax that requires him to pay in New York on dividends earned in Kentucky!

And aside from all this, the fact exists that the North and East pay the most in income taxes because they are the wealthiest. Transfer the wealth of New England to Alabama, and from such a source to talk about the "inequalities" or "sectional" character of a tax that requires him to pay in New York on dividends earned in Kentucky!

And aside from all of this, the fact exists that the North and East pay the most in income taxes because they are the wealthiest. Transfer the wealth of New England to Alabama, and Alabama will make no objection to paying a "sectional" tax. As it is the man with an income of \$10,000 a year pays the same tax whether he lives in New York or in Alabama. The majority in the new Congress will find it hard to readjust the income tax so as to make people pay by sections rather than by wealth.

Louisville Post.

## Gradyville

Sam Dudley and Cordie Wilson were in Columbia, Friday.

W. S. Baker, wife and children visited at Nell the first of the week.

John D. Lowe, the well-known shoe man of Columbia, was in our midst Friday.

Uncle Robert O. Keltner, has

been on the sick list for the past week.

Uncle Charlie Yates and his daughter, Miss Ella, have moved to their new home.

W. B. Hill, the popular stock food man has been with his father and mother, in our city for ten days.

Mrs. M. L. Grissom and her daughter, Miss Carrie, and Miss Cara Caldwell, of Columbia, were visiting relatives here last week, a day or so.

Mr. and Mrs. Strong Hill spent several days of last week with friends and relatives at Jamestown.

Mr. V. O. Moss, accompanied by Master James Moss, spent last Saturday and Sunday at Greensburg.

Mr. James Buchanan, the popular groceryman, of Campbells-ville, was calling on his trade in our town the first of the week and as usual had a good business.

Messrs. Dohoney and Bridge-water, of Columbia, called in to see us on their return from Edmonton, last Friday, where they had spent several days installing the J. B. Colt's Lighting Plant.

Mr. Q. B. Esters and family are now citizens of our town. We are certainly glad to have this good family of people in our community.

Mrs. E. R. Baker, who has been confined to her room for several weeks with a complications of troubles, is thought to be improving at this time.

Mr. Thompson, of Milltown community, was in this section a day or so of last week, buying stock hogs at 10 and 12 cents per lb. He bought several head.

Judge N. H. Moss has been confined to his room for several days. He is threatened with fever.

The work continues on our pike. A few more good days for work and the pike will be completed to the Wilmore Hill, something like a mile out of our town and we are glad to say that it is an up-to-date road.

The few days of good dry weather got our farmers in the notion of burning plant beds, and there has been several burned and sown in this community. Notwithstanding the low price of the weed, they are going to raise more, and if there is no sale, they will store it away until the market does open. Mr. L. C. Hindman, of Columbia, and Mr. Clayton Pickett, of Greensburg, were in this section last week and bought several crops at prices from 8 to 12 cents per lb. Both of these men are judges of tobacco and they looked at only the best crops.

Mr. C. O. Moss, who has been confined to his room for the past four months with an afflicted limb, has improved sufficient to be out on the stage of action again last week. He was down in town for the first time for four months. He is looking well, but has not gained sufficient strength in his limb to bear his weight yet.

## Glensfork.

Mr. J. W. Marshall of this place died in Lakeland, Saturday Jan. 1. His remains reached here Monday afternoon and after the funeral at the Methodists church conducted by Rev. Thomas and Rev. Murrell on Wednesday afternoon he was laid to rest.

## The Old Bank With A New Department

May all the citizens of Adair County have Health, Happiness and Prosperity, during the year of 1921, is the wish of the

## BANK OF COLUMBIA

## STATEMENT

January, 1st, 1921.

## RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$379,778.44
Bonds	38,764.08
Cash on Hand and Due from Banks	80,042.67
Cash and Cash Items	1,628.93
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	9,850.00
Total	\$510,064.12

## LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$1000,000.00
Surplus	25,000.00
Individual Deposits	300,467.90
Undivided Profits Less Expenses	850.43
Other Liabilities	3,745.79
Total	\$510,064.12

The Bank of Columbia is authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Trustee and in any other fiduciary capacity.

When you write your will, name the Bank of Columbia as your Executor, so that the estate, which you leave, will be protected for your loved ones.

## OFFICERS

W. W. Jones, President  
James Garnett, Vice President  
J. O. Russell, Director  
Rollin Hurt, Director

Geo. W. Flowers, Cashier  
Jo S. Knifley, Asst. Cashier  
F. P. Hill, Director  
W. S. Hindman, Director

## Cut Your Butter Bills

## NUCOA

## The Original Nut Butter

NUCOA is churned from the sweet meat of coconuts in pasteurized milk—the result is a most appetizing and delicious nut butter that everyone in the family is glad to see on the table. Children love it. Grow-ups prefer it.

## NUCOA Meets Every Butter Requirement

NUCOA is unexcelled for cooking or baking 365 days in the year. Keeps its rich butter-like flavor down to the last pat in both winter and summer. NOTE—If your grocer hasn't NUCOA send us his name and we'll send you a pound FREE.

## American Butter &amp; Cheese Co.

INCORPORATED

133 E. Jefferson St.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

## FARMERS

Ship your cream to a creamery and use NUCOA at home. There are three advantages in doing this. Clean, bright, white butter. NUCOA costs less. You save time and effort of making butter. Many farmers are making a big profit in this manner. Why not you? NUCOA will delight you.

in the family burying ground amid the honors of the Masonic Fraternity. A good man is gone and one who will be greatly missed.

Mr. Robert Blair of Louisville is visiting relatives here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Otha Miller and little daughter, Clarise, of Virginia were visiting the latter's mother, Mrs. Fannie Wesley, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Thomas and little son Alfred visited the latter's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Will Jones, in Columbia during the holidays.

Miss Eliza Walkup, who has been very sick, is better at this writing.

Mr. Wm. Strange, of Inroad, visited his brother Mr. F. P. Strange of this place one day last week.

Willis Loy bought a nice horse from Mr. I. F. Andrew last week for \$125.

J. L. Grant bought a farm which lies near here from Willis Loy last week and has moved to it.

Aching joints, rheumatic pains, neuralgia, can be relieved quickly by a rubbing application of Ballard's Snow Liniment. It is a powerful penetrating remedy. Three sizes, 30c, 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. Sold by Pauli Drug Co.

## Winder, Ga.

Jan. 3, 1921.

Adair County News,  
Columbia, Ky.  
Gentlemen,—

"Pay day" has arrived again and we are enclosing a check for one year's subscription. We have enjoyed The News each week in the South since coming here in 1910. Only two copies have failed to make the trip.

The New Year has found it quite different to the last. It was one of our most prosperous and this our most oppressive. Cotton is being held for higher prices and the merchants are not selling their high priced goods. The farmers think the future looks gloomy. If very much cotton is planted it is liable to destruction by "boll weevil," as they just made their appearance here last year.

Trusting that you all may have a prosperous and a happy year, I remain,

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Robert J. Pentecost.

## Special Notice.

All persons owing Blair & Ellis must come at once and settle by cash or note. Mr. Blair lives in Iowa and he wants this outside business settled while he is in Adair county.



**We are Reducing our Prices as they Decline in the Wholesale Markets.**

**OUR Stocks of Winter Goods are as Complete as Existing Conditions Justify.**

**RUSSELL & CO.**

# STORE OF QUALITY

**Men and Boy's Clothing, Hats, Caps etc., Ladies Dress Goods and Notions, shoes and Slippers for Everyone.**

**CARPETS, RUGS and FURNITURE**

**Progress Range Stoves**

**Albin Murray**  
Columbia, . . . . . Kentucky.

Phone 12

Next Door to The Adair County New Office.

## PERSONAL

Mr. John F. Platt, Louisville, was here a few days since.

Mr. C. E. Hughes, Jamestown, was here a few days since.

Mr. C. B. Smiley, Danville, paid Columbia a visit recently.

Mr. G. A. Ray, Nicholasville, was in Columbia a few days ago.

Mr. W. E. Keane and wife, Burkesville, were here a few days ago.

Mr. P. E. Becket, Dayton, Ohio, was in Columbia one day last week.

Mr. J. Harvey Jones, St. Louis, was at Jeffries Hotel a few days since.

Mr. C. J. Davitt, Indianapolis, was at the Jeffries Hotel last Saturday.

Messrs. J. M. and Geo. L. Wolford, Cassy Creek, were here last Friday.

Mrs. Lawrence Pickett, of this office has been quite sick for several days.

Mr. B. H. Sherman, Louisville, was at the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. Lucien Beckner, of Lexington, a geologist, was here a few days of last week.

Mr. Leslie Graves, Campbellsville, called upon his Columbia trade a few days since.

Mr. S. F. Coffey, of this place, left last Wednesday on a business trip to Oklahoma.

Mr. Oma Goode, Campbellsville, was here a few days since, taking orders for hardware.

Miss Allene Ritchey, of Burkesville, visited her sister, Mrs. John Lee Walker, last week.

Mr. C. H. Campbell, Creggboro, made a business trip to this place one day last week.

Mr. H. T. Baker and his sister, Mrs. W. D. Jones spent several days of last week in Louisville.

Mrs. Sullivan, Mother of Messrs. V. and Walter Sullivan, was reported dangerously ill last Thursday.

Mr. Edward Hammett, who spent ten days in Danville, and Lexington, returned home last Wednesday.

Mrs. Sallie Smith and her daughter, Mrs. Virgil Collins, who visited in Illinois, returned home last week.

Mr. G. W. Whitlock and daughter, Miss Orrella, of Campbellsville, spent several hours in Columbia a few days ago.

Miss Vada Whitlock, of Lebanon, was visiting Misses Mary Hughes and Mary Claycomb the latter part of last week.

Mr. Walter Sullivan arrived from Louisville last Wednesday night, to spend a few days with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Omeria Jeffries, who spent three months with her daughter in Georgia, returned home last Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Zora Rowe and her son Kinnaid, stopped over here a few hours on their return from Red Lick, en route for Danville.

Miss Sallie Diddle, who spent five weeks with her brother in Logan county, has returned to Columbia and is now with her sister Mrs. Annie E. Walker.

Mr. W. S. Knight and wife who spent two weeks at the home of their daughter, Mrs. W. M. Diddle, Franklin, Ky., reached here last Tuesday night, en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Russel and their two daughters, Josephine and Catherine, and Mr. J. M. Russell left for Louisville Sunday. Mr. J. O. Russell will visit the Cincinnati market before returning home.

A bad wound, burn or cut should be cleansed of dirt or impurities and dressed with Liquid Borozone. It heals the flesh with marvelous speed. Price, 30c, 60c and \$1.20. Sold by Paul Drug Co.

Old Wolf, a faithful old Shepherd dog, which was owned by Mr. Ores Barger, suddenly took his departure last Thursday afternoon to try the realities of dog heaven. He was standing on the pavement at Davis Hardware store when he left. He took a survey of all the dogs and men upon the square then dropped to his knees, and when friends reached him, his light had gone out.

### Cull Lumber for Sale.

\$2.00 per hundred, at my mill in Columbia. Elsey Young.

**I will not put your name on my new Ledger if you don't pay your old account in full. Don't ask me.** W. I. Ingram.

### Fifth Sunday Meeting.

The following is the program of the Fifth Saturday and Sunday meeting of the Board of Russell Creek Baptist Association to be held with Cane Valley Baptist Church. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 29 and 30, 1921.

Jan. 29.  
10-10:30—Devotional Bro. Dudgeon.  
10:30-12—Who should teach in a Baptist S. S.—W. W. Horner.  
1 p. m.—Meeting of Board.  
2 p. m.—Sermon—Seaton Edwards.  
6:30-7—Devotional Bro. Phillips.  
7—The Signs of the Times—Leslie J. B. Smith.

Jan. 30  
10-10:30—Devotional—Tallor.  
10:30-12—Church Discipline—R. Garnett Graves.  
Subjects open for discussion.

### Mills and Light Plant for Sale.

The Mill in Columbia and the one on Russell's creek, run by G. B. Smith, and the Columbia Light Plant are for sale. The owners are ready to give some man or men a bargain. They will sell a one-third or one half interest in the two mills or they will sell both plants to one man. They are in good running condition, both doing a splendid business.

The Light plant will be sold to one man or a company. The owners are ready to talk business. For further particulars see

G. B. Smith, at the Columbia Mill.  
8-11

### An Absurd Measure.

[Elizabethtown News.]

A bill has been introduced into Congress putting a tariff duty on twenty farm products. The framers of the bill undoubtedly think that such a measure would help the farmers of this country; but will it?

This country is the largest exporter of farm products of any nation in the world. It produces much more of nearly all the articles mentioned in this measure than can possibly be consumed at home. The fact that the foreign markets have been practically closed to the exception of farm products, because of the depreciated currency of the nations of Europe, is responsible for the low price of these products at home. There is more of all these things in this country now than we can consume, and hence the very heavy slump in their price. Give us a free foreign market for the American farmer's products and the prices will at once rise.

In putting a tariff duty on such articles imported into this country we at once set an example to other nations to treat us in the same way by leveling a duty on all farm products imported into their countries. There is much more reason why these countries that do not produce over sixty or seventy per cent. of what they consume, should levy a duty to encourage their agricultural interest than the United States should do it, when we produce about thirty to forty per cent. more than we can consume.

If the prices of farm products in this country have been reduced in their selling price by the importation of the same things from other countries there would be some justification for this proposed measure, but such is not the case; Europe has not enough food products for its own home demand and, therefore, it cannot and does not import such things to the United States.

Congress has just reinstated the War Finance Corporation in order to enable our farmers to sell in European markets and that the private corporations organized for the same purpose will, by enlarging the American farmers' market, give him a better price, but a tariff duty will not help him one cent and will only have a tendency to close the very market we desire to reach by similar laws passed to encourage their agriculture. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." We cannot put a duty on farm products shipped into the United States without expecting other countries to retaliate by similar measures.

To drive out worms that are eating away the strength and vitality of your child, use White's Cream Vermifuge. It expels the worms without injury to the child. Price 35c. Sold by Paul Drug Co.

### Call at Once.

All persons owing Barger Bros. are requested to call and settle. They need the money and have given ample time.

### Kentucky Crop Report.

The annual revised estimates of acreage and production of crops in Kentucky, for 1920, issued Dec. 31 by the U. S. Bureau of Crop Estimates in co-operation with State Commissioner of Agriculture W. C. Hann, show an estimated production of 100,650,000 bus. of corn; 467,500,000 pounds of tobacco of all types in the States; 6,610,000 bus. of wheat, 8,225,000 bus. of oats; 6,435,000 bus. of Irish potatoes; and 1,508,000 tons of hay.

The estimates for all crops indicate increases in production of corn, oats, barley, potatoes, apples, peaches, pears, sorghum, soy beans and clover seed; the same production as in 1919 of beans, cowpeas and sweet potatoes, and decreased production of tobacco, wheat, rye and hay. Burley tobacco production in the State increased (according to un-revised estimates) from about 218,000,000 pounds in 1919 to about 236,500,000 pounds in 1920. These estimates may be slightly revised later when more complete checking up of yields is possible. The reduction of dark tobacco acreage in Western Kentucky together with light yield in some other counties in 1920 reduced the estimates of the State's total tobacco crop of all types from 498,000,000 pounds in 1919 to 467,500,000 pounds of all types together in 1920.

The acreage of wheat sown in Kentucky in the fall of 1920 is estimated at 625,000 acres, the same as in 1919, the condition of the crop Dec. 1, 1920, being 84 percent of normal compared to 80 Dec. 1, 1919, and an average condition Dec. 1 of 90. The total acreage of wheat sown in the United States in the fall of 1920 is estimated at 40,605,000 acres, or 97.2 percent of the acreage sown in the fall of 1919. The condition of the United States wheat crop Dec. 1, 1920, is given as 87.9 percent normal compared to 85.2 Dec. 1, 1919, and a 10 year average Dec. 1 of 88.4 percent.

My thoroughbred Jersey bull is now ready for service. Fee, \$1.50 at the gate. I will not brake this rule.

Jo Barbee,  
Columbia, Ky.

### DO YOU CATCH COLD EASILY?

Your Vitality Is Low—Resistance Weak

### YOU NEED PEPTO-MANGAN.

Rich, Red Blood Will Strengthen You and Put You on Your Feet—Able to Resist Colds.

Your system normally healthy should never catch cold. Your body is adjusted to take care of sudden changes in the weather.

It is when you are run down and your vitality is low that your body cannot adjust itself. Then you take cold.

If you keep your blood in good condition, with plenty of red corpuscles, you will be strong and your body will easily adjust itself to sudden changes. You will throw off the cold germs that go flying into the air when someone with a cold sneezes.

Red-blooded men, women and children eat well. They have plenty of energy. They go along with a smile because they feel right.

Try Pepto-Mangan, the successful tonic. It is a wonderful blood builder. Take it for awhile till you feel right.

Pepto-Mangan is widely and heartily endorsed by physicians. It is effective and easy to take. It is prepared in both liquid and tablet form. The medicinal properties are the same.

Sold at any drug store. But be sure you get the genuine Pepto-Mangan—"Gude's." Ask for it by name, and be sure the full name, "Gude's Pepto-Mangan," is on the package.—Advertisement.

Herbine corrects biliousness, indigestion and constipation. It is a fine herbal medicine that drives out impurities and restores healthy conditions in the system. Price, 60c. Sold by Paul Drug Co.

### Fairplay.

Xmas passed off quietly at this place no booze.

Mr. S. F. Harvey made a business trip to Gradyville Tuesday.

Forest, the 11 year old son of Mr. O. M. Tabor, is quite sick at this writing.

Mr. J. R. Thompson, wife and baby, of Glensfork, spent Saturday and Sunday with the family of W. L. Bennett.

Mrs. S. T. Bennett and sons, Ernest and Forrest, are on the sick list.

Mr. J. L. Darnell and family, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Darnell and Miss Dora Beunett were visiting at Gadberry Tuesday.

Mr. Amos Loy has installed a new 10 horsepower Farbanks Morse gasoline engine and is now grinding corn.

Mr. Bruce Preston has removed from his farm at Sparksville. Mr. Preston is a good citizen and we hated to give him up.

Mr. J. L. Darnell and family were visiting at W. L. Bennett's Sunday.

On Dec. 29, Mr. Wm. Tabor and Miss Ella Spoon were joined in wedlock by Rev. T. J. Campbell. The groom is the oldest son of Mr. O. M. Tabor and is an industrious farmer. The bride is the oldest daughter of Mr. J. C. Spoon and is a lady in every respect. We wish them much happiness and success in life.

### For Sale.

Practically New Oliver Typewriter in A 1 condition. Price \$40.00. A great bargain.

The Kemper Company,  
Columbia, Ky.



Continued from Page 2.

Before she could tell him her mother's opinion, the door opened and Dr. Pendlehaven walked in.

"Cousin John," said Philip, abruptly, going to him, "may I take Miss Devon out for a little ride? I'll promise to bring her back in an hour."

The doctor looked at the boy's dark pleading eyes, looked and then smiled.

"Perhaps you won't have any better luck than I have had, son," he answered with a little laugh. "I've almost been down on my knees to the old man, and she absolutely refuses."

"Mother's dreadfully against her riding in our car, Cousin John," Katherine cried in thin, throaty tones. "The thought of it makes her sick."

"Your mother's not really sick, my dear Katherine," the doctor asserted. "Ah, here she is. Katherine was just speaking of you, my dear Sarah."

A merry twinkle came into his eyes as he turned on his cousin.

"Now, was she?" smirked Mrs. Curtis. "What were you saying, Kathie?"

Katherine lifted her eyes, slumbering with passionate anger.

"That you would dislike Cousin Paul's—I mean that girl up there—taken out for a drive," replied Katherine.

Mrs. Curtis caught her daughter's expression and looked at Dr. John, then at Philip.

"Well, I should say I wouldn't like it," she ejaculated. "There's a limit to all things. What in the world would the neighbors say to such an outrage?"

Dr. Pendlehaven's face gathered a dark look.

"If she'll go with Philip, Sarah," he said, "I wouldn't give a hang what the neighbors said. Come along up, Phil, and ask her."

"Cousin John!" cried Mrs. Curtis.

"And, oh, Cousin John," gasped Katherine. But the doctor was too angry to pay any heed to them.

"You really want to take the child, my lad?" he asked, smiling at MacCauley.

"Yes, do let me," blurted the boy.

"Let's go up now."

They had no more than closed the door when Katherine burst into tears, and Mrs. Curtis plumped down into a chair in a spell of hysterics.

"The little trollp!" she cried. "Oh, I'd like—"

"I'd like to kill her," burst forth Katherine. "Mother, if you don't do something for me, I'll die. Oh, to think of it; he takes her out when he could take me! Oh, God! Oh, dear God, help me!"

Her daughter's terrible outburst brought Mrs. Curtis directly out of herself.

"Don't, Kathie," she said in a whisper. "I really had no idea you cared for him so much. I will help you, poor dear. John shall listen to me this night; he certainly shall."

Meanwhile Tonnibel looked up with inquiring eyes as Dr. Pendlehaven walked in. He had closed Philip on the outside of the door.

The girl gave him a slight smile. The doctor came forward and took hold of her hand.

"Paul," he asked, looking at his brother, "could you spare our little girl for an hour? I want her to go out."

Tonnibel, remembering her promise to Philip, rose to her feet. "I don't want to," she trembled. "I'd rather stay here. I'd really rather stay here."

Pendlehaven went to the door and opened it, and Philip walked in.

"Here's a young man, Miss Tony Devon," he said, laughing at the sight of the girl's puzzled face, "who tells



She Stopped and Kissed Paul Pendlehaven Impulsively.

me he wants you to drive with him. Now, what do you say?"

"Say yes, darling Tony," Philip ejaculated with sparkling eyes.

"Oh, that's how the land lies, is it?" said Dr. John under his breath. Then aloud, "I didn't know this thing had gotten to the 'darling point,' Philip."

Tonnibel's face grew poppy red, and she stood with her eyes cast down and her fingers interlocked nervously. Oh! now she wanted to go; now her boy had come for her.

"You will go, Tony?" begged Philip, his face very red from John's speech. "If—if—" the girl stammered.

John Pendlehaven laughed.

"She can go, can't she, Paul?" he asked. "Phil will take good care of her."

Paul Pendlehaven smiled and sighed.

"Of course, she can go! She ought to," he said. "She stays in too close. I've told her that every day. Go along, little maid, but come back to your old uncle in a little while."

Philip seized her hand to lead her away, but Tony turned to the bed. Then she stooped and kissed Paul Pendlehaven impulsively.

"I love you," she whispered, "and maybe it'll only be half an hour before I'm back to you."

For many minutes after the car started Philip paid strict attention to his driving, and Tonnibel allowed herself the luxury of taking a sidelong look at him now and then. Once within sight of Beebe Lake, Captain MacCauley slowed down and stopped.

"God, how I've prayed for this minute," he exclaimed, turning on her suddenly.

"I have, too," said Tonnibel in a shy, sweet voice. "I thought you'd forgotten about me."

"Why, I couldn't do my work half way well, I've thought about you so much," cried the boy, "and I've been planning a lot for you and me. You see, Dr. John is a sort of a guardian to me, and next year I'll be twenty-three. Then I have all my own money, I can get married then, if I want to."

"Oh," said Tonnibel in a queer little voice.

"Yes, I believe in early marriages," Philip went on emphatically. "Wasn't it a queer thing that all the while I was haunting the shore you were in the house, my house almost? You see, I live just next door to you."

"Oh!" Tony said again. Something had hurt her dreadfully. Something he had said. He might be married next year and, of course, it would be to Katherine.

"And time and again I heard how much some little girl was helping Dr. Paul," he went on. "But somehow I never heard your name and hadn't the last idea—" He stopped. Then he slipped his arm about her. "I didn't know she was my little girl," he finished.

Tony closed her eyes. All the unhappiness of the past weeks left her that moment like a vanished burden. He had said she was his little girl. How very lovely the world was!

"Lean against me, dear," murmured Philip. "And this time—Oh, Tony, don't leave me today without telling me you love me a lot."

Tony glimpsed him with one little upward glance. Her eyes were starry.

"I love you more'n the whole world," she trembled. "More'n I know how to tell."

It isn't any one's affair just how many times Philip made Tony tell him she'd marry him, nor is it any one's affair how many times he kissed her, but it is our business to listen to Philip's conclusion.

"I'm going to tell Cousin John and Cousin Paul tonight that we're going to be married," he said, and Tonnibel had no inclination to forbid him.

With dark thoughts, Katherine was watching for them to come back again. She saw the happy shining face of the girl, saw Philip lift the little figure from the car and draw her up the steps. Her teeth came together in sharp misery as she turned from the window and went upstairs.

## CHAPTER XII.

## A Little Drop of Something.

Reginald was sitting in his mother's room that evening when his sister opened the door and entered. The girl looked about for Mrs. Curtis, then picked up a cigarette and lit it. She was so white and drawn looking that her brother stared at her.

"What's the matter, sis?" he asked with no particular interest in his voice. "I hate everybody in the world," snapped the girl.

"Whew! That's some hate," laughed Reggie.

Katherine threw herself down on the divan.

"Worst of any one I hate Paul Pendlehaven and next—well, next I hate Cousin John," she said between her teeth. "I wish, oh, how I wish Paul would die tonight. I'd almost like to kill him myself. If it weren't for him, we'd all have money, and if it weren't for that girl with him, he'd die."

"Well, I might cheer you up a little if I told you that perhaps before long your illustrious Cousin Paul will be under the sod."

The girl sat up and stared at him.

"Don't be a fool, Reggie," she said with a sneer. "Cousin John says Paul will be able to go out of the house very soon, that by next week he can go anywhere he likes."

Reginald got up lazily. He said something under his breath that made his sister struggle to her feet. She stood a moment and gazed with startled eyes at the door that had closed Reggie on the other side of it.

"Now, what'd he mean by that?" she wondered dully. "What did he mean by saying that if he could help it Cousin Paul would never drive again. I wonder just what he meant by that!"

Reggie knew what he meant by his words if Katherine didn't. He intended to put Dr. Paul out of the way, thus helping his mother as well as himself. He wanted to get away from Ithaca, to leave the town that always put him in mind of Tonnibel Devon. The least wind that blew brought back the awful moment when he and Devon had discovered the girl had drowned herself, and because of his tormenting conscience he drank more heavily every day. After leaving his sister he went to his room where he filled himself up with brandy. The drunker he got the more dim grew the picture of Tony's pale, terrified face.

He slept suddenly for an hour or so and only awoke when a servant rapped at the door and told him dinner was ready. He was too ill to get up and lay staring hopelessly about the room. Then suddenly out of the shadows in the corner floated Tonnibel Devon. He groaned and turned slowly in the bed.

Instead of getting better he was getting worse. The ghost of Devon's daughter was haunting him in every one of his sober hours. He hated Ithaca and every one in it. If Dr. Paul were dead—

He sat up, his head whirling. He crawled to the floor, went to the bathroom and soaked his head in cold water. Then he sent a servant for a pot of strong coffee.

So happy was Dr. Paul to have Tonnibel back that he insisted on sitting up to his dinner.

"It was a long hour, my dear," he said, smiling. "But I'm glad you went out. He's a nice fellow, Philip. My brother and I have often wished our young cousin would pattern after him, but it does seem as if nothing can be done with him. Even his mother has no influence over him."

"I've never seen him," stated Tonnibel.

"He's scarcely ever at home," answered Dr. Paul, "and the worst of it is, he gives no explanation as to where he goes."

Then after dinner as usual Tonnibel, with Gussie Piglet in her arms, read from the Bible. The clock struck ten when she arose softly and began to prepare for the night. By the even breathing of the man on the bed she knew he was asleep, and as quiet as a mouse she crept about softly so as not to arouse him. The suite directly back of Paul Pendlehaven's had been given to her. She went into her bedroom and made ready to retire. Then over her night robe she drew a light kimono.

She turned off the electric switch and stood near the window looking out. Her heart sang with gladness. She had but to hearken back to the afternoon to hear a dear voice telling her of a great love, love for her, Tonnibel Devon. How very much she had to be thankful for!

Suddenly she saw the tall tree directly in front of Dr. Paul's room shake as if a giant hand were clutching at its roots. How could that be? There wasn't any wind, not even a breeze. Her heart jumped into her throat as she crept away from the window and back into Pendlehaven's room. The little night lamp glimmered dimly above the small table with its load of medicine glasses. She stood in the shadow and peered through the screen. There among the dripping branches was the quiet figure of a man.

Her mind went immediately to her father, but she put the thought of him away, for the form in the tree was much more slender than Uriah Devon's.

Dr. Pendlehaven still slept, his face turned toward the wall, and Tonnibel squatted down at the foot of the bed, keeping the dark figure in the tree in the line of her vision. She dared not leave the room, nor dared she call out. How often Dr. John had told her that his brother must be kept free from shocks of every kind. For another ten minutes she leaned her chin on her hand, still keeping her eyes on the window. Then she saw the flutter of a wistaria branch against the screen and knew that the hour had come. Another tense silence for several minutes, then a little scraping sound as if a sharp instrument was moving over wire. Some one was trying to get in. Tonnibel crawled forward on her knees until she was directly in front of Dr. Paul.

She sank back against the bed and waited.

The scraping sound at length ceased. With a forward shove of her head, Tonnibel saw that the wire netting had been ripped fully a foot, and then she saw a hand move little by little through the opening, until a long arm was fully inside the room. Tony watched it, fascinated. Then she saw it waver toward the table, pause, open and lay some little pellets down without a sound. Then long white fingers drew off the covers of the glasses noiselessly and picked up the pellets one after another and dropped them silently into the medicine. As quietly the covers were restored, and the arm slowly withdrawn. Directly beneath the window, Tonnibel rose up.

There through the faint light she was staring into the face of Reginald Brown. Instantly she recognized him, and all the terror of that day when he and her brutal father had placed a menacing shadow over her swept her nearly off her feet. Reginald had come not only to harm Paul Pendlehaven, but to get her!

"Stand by, Salvation of the Lord," shot across her tortured soul, and then through the break in the wire netting she thrust her clenched fist. Reginald took the blow she gave him without an audible sound and fell backward into the garden below. He was paralyzed by the blazing eyes and the memory that the body of the ghost-girl was somewhere beneath the broad surface of Lake Cayuga.

Tonnibel heard him land on the soft grass, and for a few seconds she stood panting against the window. Then she withdrew her arm and crouched down on the floor.

What had her father's pal put in Dr. Paul's medicine? Minute by minute she became more acutely sure that no good had been intended. Silently she took up the glasses and carried them to her own room. Then she slipped out into the hall, ran along the corridor and rapped softly on John Pendlehaven's apartments. Twice she repeated her summons in nervous little rap-taps that penetrated Dr. John's sound slumber. When he recognized her, opened the door and noticed how white she was, he drew her instantly to him and shut the door.

Between chattering teeth she began to tell him the dreadful tale. As she went on with the story the listener's face grew much concerned.

"Somebody's tried to poison him,"

he cried, taking a long breath. "My



Through the Break in the Netting She Thrust Her Fist.

God, who could be so damnable as that? Come, let me get the stuff."

Together they stole back to Tonnibel's room and Dr. John carried away the medicine with him, leaving Tony with a caution not to speak of the matter to his brother. Putting on his clothes, John went outside and made a tour of the house. It wasn't difficult to find the place where the man had fallen, but there was no sign of him anywhere.

Tonnibel did not sleep at all that night. But very early in the morning she arose and slipped into Dr. Paul's room and put back the medicine Dr. John had given her.

During the morning Dr. John Pendlehaven softly entered her room. He came forward, his hands outstretched, his face white and very grave.

"Darling little girl," he whispered, with much emotion. "You have saved my brother's life. The villain, whoever he was, put the rankest kind of poison in it. He must have gotten it from some doctor, for no druggist would have sold it to him."

"Mebbe he's dead," replied Tony gently, with an expression of awe. "It was a long tumble he took."

"No; he got away! I've hunted the place over for him. Would you know him again if you saw him?"

"Sure," replied Tony, nodding, but she said no more. To tell him who the man was would mean to break the solemn oath she had made on the Christ to her mother.

A timid knock brought the conversation to a close. Mrs. Curtis was at the threshold when Pendlehaven opened the door.

"I've been looking the house over for you, John," she began. "Boy's got a headache! He said for you not to bother to come to him, but to give me something to make him sleep."

"Is he drunk?" demanded Pendlehaven.

Mrs. Curtis began to cry.

"John, how unkind!" she sniffled from the haven of her handkerchief. "The moment the child complains everybody accuses him of drinking. No, of course, he isn't drunk."

For many days Reginald Curtis tossed fitfully in bed, tortured by the thought that he would never cease being haunted by Tony Devon's spirit. He dared not get up, for he was con-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

# Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

## "THE FORD COUPE"

HERE is one of the most useful of all closed cars. Specifically so when not more than two or three are to be accommodated with reliable car service. The Ford Coupe is a mighty cozy car, in that it is absolutely water tight, at the same time with its sliding plate glass windows you can have an open car, to all intents and purposes, in a couple of minutes. So it doesn't make any difference what the weather may be, rain or shine, summer or winter, in the Ford Coupe you have an enclosed car of comfort and service. What more do you want?

It has proven particularly a valuable car for traveling salesmen, physicians, engineers, architects, and others who have much out-of-door work all the year around. We have never been able to fully meet all demands for the Ford Coupe, but with the increased producing capacities of the factory we're now able to make reasonably prompt deliveries. Yet we urge you to leave your order with as little delay as possible, our allotment is limited.

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tee that it is pure.

## THE "OLD RELIABLE" THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

White Hired Alabama Lady Says She Has Seen Medicines Come and Go But The "Old Reliable" Thedford's Black-Draught Came and Stayed.

Dutton, Ala.—In recommending Thedford's Black-Draught to her friends and neighbors here, Mrs. T. F. Parks, a well-known Jackson County lady, said: "I am getting up in years; my head is pretty white. I have seen medicines and remedies come and go but the old reliable came and stayed. I am talking of Black-Draught, a liver medicine we have used for years—one that can be depended upon and one that will do the work."

"Black-Draught will relieve indigestion and constipation if taken right, and I know for I tried it. It is the best thing I have ever found for the full, comfortable feeling after meals. Sour stomach and sick headache can be relieved by taking Black-Draught. It aids digestion, also assists the liver in throwing off impurities. I am glad to recommend Black-Draught, and do, to my friends and neighbors."

Thedford's Black-Draught is a standard household remedy with a record of over seventy years of successful use. Every one occasionally needs something to help cleanse the system of impurities. Try Black-Draught. Insist upon Thedford's, the genuine. At all druggists.



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The "PRIMA DONNA" machine plays all disc records. No extra attachments are necessary.

Examine any "PRIMA DONNA" cabinet and compare it with other machines selling at the same price and you will readily be convinced relative to the superiority of our workmanship and construction.

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All Kinds of Insurance

There is one automobile to every fourteen persons in the United States, and the fourteen persons are always in the way of the one automobile at street intersections.—New York American.

It is remarkable that the profiteers bother with preying on us poor consumers when they had the United States Shipping Board for a field of operations.—New York World.

Constantine has been rethroned and may be rethroned.

Adair County News \$1.50

## POLAND NOW RIVALS PLIGHT OF BELGIUM

Children Chief Sufferers in Land Stripped of Necessities, Says Relief Worker.

Poland is in the destitute state for want of food and clothing among the poor that Belgium would have been during the war, had there been no commission for relief in that country, according to Dr. Vernon Kellogg, American Relief Administration official, who recently returned from Warsaw.

Dr. Kellogg was a member of Mr. Hoover's staff in Belgium, and at the conclusion of hostilities, entered Poland as the Hoover emissary in charge of food relief. He first entered Poland in 1915, a few months after the German occupation. His report of starvation, disease and suffering that existed at that time is one of the most harrowing documents in the records of American relief work overseas.

Dr. Kellogg made the following statement regarding the work after the armistice:

"With Warsaw as our headquarters, we began operations in Poland in January, 1919, and within a few weeks there was established a steady importation of food into that country. Tons and tons of it came from overseas through the Port of Danzig.

"It was impossible to do all that the administration wanted to do, because the need of Poland was too great, but it was agreed that enough food should be sent to Poland to care for the four million people until the great agricultural districts could again provide for them.

"But in addition to these four million people who so pressing needed relief, there was another call for relief from a source that could not be resisted: the children of the land. Many of these were orphans, hungry, emaciated, destitute and diseased. So the American Relief Administration added to its work by instituting a system of feeding these children. In a few months a million and a quarter Polish children were getting a free meal every day of special food prepared to counteract the effects of their previous undernourishment."

To finish the job eight great organizations have united under the name of the European Relief Council to raise the funds necessary to care for the food needs and the medical needs of the 8,500,000 children of Eastern and Central Europe. These organizations are the American Relief Administration, the American Red Cross, the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers), the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the Knights of Columbus, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.

## GRAY SAMARITANS RESCUING CHILDREN

The Young Women's Christian Association of the United States are keenly interested in the movement for the relief of the 8,500,000 starving children of Europe because a group of their members, the Polish Gray Samaritans, have been in charge of distributing food to children in Poland. They have been serving under the American Relief Administration and have conducted food kitchens and distributing stations in all parts of Poland outside Warsaw.

In all the relief work being done in Europe, that of the Polish Grays has been unique because all the girls, though sent from America, were either born in Poland or are of Polish parentage. When the need for social service in their country became acute many girls of Polish descent answered the call of the Young Women's Christian Association for overseas service and enlisted in the preliminary training course that was given in several cities of the United States. From this group thirty girls were chosen and sent to Poland where, since 1918, they have been caring for the children of the country. The distribution of clothing has taken them into all parts of Poland.

They are now spending their entire time in arranging for the feeding of children this winter. Groups of them travel to strategic centers in outlying districts where they set up distributing stations, receive supplies, prepare meals, arrange for impartial distribution and train helpers to continue the work when they are sent on to the next town.

## COLUMBUS KNIGHTS AID CHILD APPEAL

James A. Flaherty, of Philadelphia supreme knight of the Knights of Columbus, declared that the K. of C., in response to an appeal from Herbert Hoover, chairman of the European Relief Council, had decided to take an exception in their policy of refraining from any national campaign for funds for relief or charitable work.

"The need of the starving and sick children of Europe is so urgent," Mr. Flaherty said, "that the Knights of Columbus feel it duty bound to devote themselves to the common task of raising funds for the relief of these children. An organization it is our intention to conduct no distinct K. of C. drive for funds, although members of the organization are frequent contributors to all charitable drives. But in this case we feel that the emergency calls for the united efforts of all Americans and we consider it a privilege to have partnership in this great work of mercy."

Continued from Page 6

ered with bruises from his fall, and added to his misery, he imagined every time the door opened he was going to be arrested. But no such thing happened, and one afternoon when Dr. John was gone and his mother and Katherine were shopping downtown, he crawled out of bed and made his way softly from the house.

Uriah Devon had ventured back to the Hoghole with his canal boat, so when Reginald appeared aboard her Devon met him with a growl.

"Where in h—l you been all this time, Rege?" he demanded in a sinister tone.

Reggie shuddered, as he sank down on the bench.

"I'm going crazy," he muttered.

"You mean just drunk, don't you? Didn't you try doin' what I told you to?"

The boy nodded and shivered again.

"I sure did, but—"

"But what?" cried Devon.

"I put the stuff in the medicine all right, but something happened," Reginald's voice was low and wavering as he finished the statement.

"What happened?" repeated Devon hoarsely. "Don't sit there like a d—d fool and look as if you'd swallowed a live eel."

"I was going to slip back from the window sill to the tree," faltered Reggie, "and Tony's ghost rose up before me and shoved me clean off the ledge and down to the ground!"

Uriah's eyes almost protruded from his head. Then a slow smile ran around his lips.

"Rats!" he ejaculated huskily. "Rats, you fool! There ain't such things as ghosts."

"Yes, there is, Devon," insisted Reggie, in a dreary monotone. "I've seen one! I've seen Tony, I say, and many a time she's come so close to my eyes I could have touched her if she could have been touched. The fall made me sick. I've been in bed ever since."

"And your cousin's still alive, eh?" Uriah's voice had a snarl in it.

"Still alive," muttered Reggie.

"What you goin' to do about it now?" demanded Devon. "Try, it again?"

Brown shook his head.

"No, not yet, Riah," he muttered.

"Not just yet. I can't."

"You got to get me a lot of money some way," Devon came in with. "I've got to get out of this country, or I'll be hooked to jail if those Syracuse folks find me. You'd better be getting home and back to bed. Best take a stiff swing, too, to settle your nerves."

He watched the tall thin boy walk slowly away in deep meditation. Then he laughed and went below to the cabin.

Almost a week after Reggie's futile attempt to poison his Cousin Paul, Tony Devon was sitting in her room, reading, when a servant appeared and told her some one wanted to see her downstairs. Her heart bounded with delight, for she was sure Philip had come again and had sent for her. She rushed to the glass, caught a glimpse of her rosy face, pushed back a few stray curls and went downstairs to the drawing room.

As she stepped inside, she came to a sudden terrified halt. Her father was seated in a large chair and his eyes, red and swollen, were centered upon her. Then he smiled, that wicked smile that always widened his thick lips when he had succeeded in some evil thing.

"Hello, Tony," he chuckled. "You've made a fine nest for yourself, huh?"

Tony only stared at him. She felt suffocated by his sudden appearance.

"I came to talk to you, kid," he said, the wheedle coming into his tones that always augured bad for the person addressed. "Sit down."

Tonnibel sat, not because he told her to, but because she couldn't stand on her trembling legs.

"You don't appear to be very tickled to see your old dad," he threw at her, a frown wrinkling his face. "Get up and come over here." His wicked eyes seemed to be swallowing her whole. In fact Devon could not make himself believe this beautiful creature was the Tony who, he thought, had been drowned in the lake. He felt a new sensation within him as his gaze took in every line of the lovely figure.

"Come over here," he said once more, "and tell me how you got out of the lake that night. Did you swim ashore?"

Tonnibel shook her head.

"I'm not going to tell you anything," she murmured almost inaudibly.

"Well, keep it to yourself, then," snapped Uriah. "When I get you back to the 'Dirty Mary' I know ways which'll bring out of you what I want to know. So get your things and come along home."

Tonnibel felt as if the bottom had fallen out of the world. Then a boy's smile, and a boy's words, "Salvation, little Tony, is always at hand, for God is good," seemed to strike both her vision and hearing.

Tony believed every word Philip MacCauley uttered. He couldn't speak an untruth if he tried. If as he had said, Salvation was at hand, then she could be saved at that moment.

"I'm busy here, daddy," she managed to say. "I'm doing some nursing, so I can't get away just now."

"You'll come just the same," replied Devon, getting to his feet.

"Divine Love is everywhere," flashed through Tony's mind as she too struggled up. She dared not scream, and even if she did, there was no one in the house who would help her. Mrs. Curtis and her daughter would be delighted to have her gone and

Dr. John was out among his patients. There seemed to be no escape for her now. She dared not appeal to the weak, sick man upstairs.

Thinking of him made her blurt out:

"Did you send that awful Brown feller here to put poison in Dr. Paul's medicine?"

Uriah glared at her, went white and put his hand on a chair to steady himself.

"I don't know nothin' about any man or any poison," he growled. "You'd better be comin' along now."

"'Twas the man you said I had to link up with. He used to come to the 'Dirty Mary,'" explained Tonnibel, seeing her words had frightened her father. "I bet you sent him here."

"Keep your clack shut," growled Devon, just as the door opened, and Mrs. Curtis entered. Tony whirled and faced her, although she didn't have the courage to utter a word. The woman looked from the girl's agitated face to Devon's, questioningly.

"This is my kid, ma'am," said Uriah, with a wave of his hand toward Tony. "I've come to take her home. Get your duds, brat!"

Tonnibel turned as if to obey, and Mrs. Curtis caught her arm.

"Go as you are," she directed, "I'll send your things after you."

Tony's eyes gathered a belligerent expression.

"I won't go without saying good-by to Cousin Paul," she began.

"If she gets up there once," interposed Mrs. Curtis, in an undertone to Uriah Devon, "you won't see her again."

Tonnibel had heard the words and knew they were true. If she could get upstairs with Doctor Paul and then lock the door, no one would dare venture after her.

Devon saw swift intelligence light up her face. He didn't intend to allow her out of his sight. He caught at her roughly as Mrs. Curtis barred her flight to the door.

"Let me alone," she cried. "Let me alone."

Uriah snatched her hands, and Mrs. Curtis buried her fingers in the dark curls. As Tonnibel cried out again, the door suddenly opened, and John Pen-



He Caught Her Roughly.

delhaven walked into the room. Uriah dropped the girl's hands, and Mrs. Curtis fell back with a startled ejaculation.

"What does this mean?" questioned Doctor John.

"My father's here," said Tony, her voice breaking.

"Her father, Cousin John," Mrs. Curtis repeated.

"I've come for my girl, mister," said Uriah, plucking up his courage.

"And she," Pendlehaven kept his eyes on Tonnibel, "does she want to go with you?"

"Whether she wants to go or not, she will," ejaculated the other man. "Nobody can keep a kid from her own father, I'm a guessin'."

"Tony, child," broke forth Doctor John, "don't look so frightened. No one's going to hurt you while you're with me. Come here, my dear."

His voice was so low, so tender, that Mrs. Curtis ground her teeth in rage, and Uriah Devon felt his power ebbing away.

Tonnibel walked swiftly to Doctor John's side and slipped her hand into his.

"Those two said I couldn't even say good-by to—" She bowed her head against the kindly arm that supported her and for a moment was so agitated she could not proceed.

"Hush, dear," pleaded Pendlehaven. "Hush! Do you want to stay here?"

"Yes, oh, yes, sir, I do, indeed, sir!" she cried. "But—but—"

"Then you'll stay," the doctor told her in a voice low-pitched and stern. "If your father thinks—"

"I'm goin' to have my girl," gritted Uriah.

"Then you have the law at your hand to use, Mr. Devon," returned the doctor, "and you, Sarah, I'll ask you to attend to your own affairs after this."

"But, Cousin John," argued Mrs. Curtis, "she's the man's own child. Surely he has a right to—"

A sound of a bell pealing through the house cut off her words. Then came heavy footsteps in the hall. Before anyone could figure on the cause of this commotion, the door burst open and several uniformed men came in. When Uriah Devon caught sight of them, he made a dash for the window, but two heavy officers were on him before he was half way across the room. It took but a few minutes for the officials to explain to Doctor Pendlehaven that they had been traf-

ing Devon for a long time, that he was wanted for a crime in Syracuse.

When they were leading him out manacled and deeply enraged, he turned on Tonnibel.

"I'll get even with you, miss," he snapped at her, his eyes full of hate, "and I'll get even with you too, mister." He threw the last half of his sentence at Doctor John, whose only reply was a shrug of his shoulders.

During the struggle between the detectives and Uriah, Mrs. Curtis had clutched at Pendlehaven's neck, but he had cast her off without ceremony. Now the three were alone, Tonnibel, palpitating and fearful, Mrs. Curtis, sobbing on the floor, and Doctor John, looking at her sternly.

"Sarah," he said haughtily, "I saw the disgraceful way you were pulling this child's hair when I came in, and at last, much as I dislike doing it, I must ask you to leave my house."

"Leave?" Mrs. Curtis screamed. "Where would I go? I haven't a place in the world but this."

A careless gesture from Doctor John told Tonnibel that that fact didn't interest him. She slipped her hand into his. Lifting eyes that were troubled and dark-circled, she begged:

"Let 'er stay, Cousin John. Mebbe she didn't know my daddy would have killed me if he'd got me back to the 'Dirty Mary'."

Pendlehaven put his arm around her, and with a ring of fierceness in his voice, said:

"There, Sarah, there's pity for you. If you stay, it's because Tony Devon pleads for you, not because I have any sense of duty toward you. I hope you feel properly grateful."

The doctor strode to the door, opened it and motioned for her to be gone. Then weeping, she clattered away, her sobs audible even after the door was closed.

For a few moments Tony Devon wept silently in John Pendlehaven's arms.

"Oh, it's awful to have daddy taken away to jail," she moaned, "but he won't be good, he just won't!"

"You're much better off to have him away, little girl," soothed Pendlehaven.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Good for Evil.

That night for dinner, five people sat about the Pendlehaven table. Reggie, pale and miserable looking, sat next to his mother, and Philip MacCauley was opposite Doctor John. Katherine, silent and morose, was at her own place. She had heard her mother's version of the afternoon's happening in amazement and anger, and it only added to her discontent to hear Cousin John tell the tale to Philip.

"Sarah thinks," went on the doctor, "that we should have tamely given her up without a word to— to that brute!"

"I can't see how you can keep a man's child from him, Cousin John," excused Mrs. Curtis, a dull red mounting to each high cheekbone.

Pendlehaven laughed.

"She wouldn't have been much use to him in prison, my dear Sarah," was his answer.

"What're you talking about?" demanded Reggie, turning red-rimmed eyes on his mother.

"Your Cousin John insists on keeping the daughter of a man named Devon in the hoose here when her father wants her home," she replied.

Reggie's face grew a misty gray.

"Devon," he repeated mechanically. "I didn't know we had any such girl here!"

"She's always with Cousin Paul," remarked Katherine, with a sidelong glance at Philip. "It does seem satisfying, though, to know who she is. Mother says she comes of common stock."

MacCauley's face grew dark, and Pendlehaven cast a glance of anger at his young cousin.

"Both Kathie and I," began Mrs. Curtis, "why, Reggie, my darling, I never saw you look so sick in my life!"

"Aw, cut it!" growled the boy, unsteadily. "Tell me what became of the girl's father."

"He's going to jail for a nice long rest," interjected Pendlehaven. "It seems he was mixed up in a theft in Syracuse."

Reginald got up from the table.

"I don't want anything more to eat," he growled, as his mother started to remonstrate with him. "I'm going to bed."

When he got upstairs, he looked at himself in the glass. How white and thin he had grown! He looked as if he had died and was trying to come to life again. He was frightened almost out of his wits too. Then Tonnibel Devon really was in the house, it hadn't been her ghost that had thrown him bodily from the window sill after all. Uriah, knowing that, had come and made a demand for his daughter and had been arrested. Perhaps he would be arrested also, and for a crime worse than stealing. Had the girl mentioned the fact of his trying to poison Paul Pendlehaven? If she hadn't, would she? When Mrs. Curtis came in to ask how he felt, he was crumpled in a big chair, shaking as if he had been attacked with ague.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The man who tries to bargain with God sells himself to the devil.

Elephants sleep while standing. They should make good policemen.



**LIQUOR LAWS DEFIED—MORROW.**

**Judges and Attorneys Urged By Governor To End Illegal Traffic.**

Moonshining and bootlegging are rampant in the state of Kentucky and violations of the liquor laws are such as to challenge all the forces of law and order, according to Gov. E. P. Morrow, who addressed a joint session of the Kentucky Circuit Judges' Association and the Commonwealth Attorneys' Association in convention here.

Governor Morrow said illicit traffic in liquor had reached the point where those responsible for it almost defied any one to stop it and he called upon all his hearers to join him in using every power of their offices to put an end to it.

"Illicit manufacture and sale of liquor has grown to an appalling extent and the use of liquor, especially by minors, is also increasing," he said. "I call upon you men to use the full powers of the law conferred upon you to put an end to these conditions and to co-operate in the fullest in ridding the state of moonshiners, bootleggers and all violators of the liquor laws."

The governor declared he would not show clemency to any one found guilty of violating any prohibition law.

Both attorneys and judges pledged their co-operation, although there were some who took issue with his assertion that there is more illicit manufacture and sale of whisky in Kentucky today than at any time in the history of the state.

"My district is comparatively free from crime," Judge C. C. Marshall, of Shelbyville, declared, "especially violations of the law against manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. There is less drunkenness, less drinking and less crime in my district now than at any time since I have been on the bench."

Judge B. J. Bethurum, of Somerset, supported the charge made by Governor Morrow. He said that in his district there is more moonshine whisky made today than ever before since he can remember.

**Maximum Penalty Urged.**

Fines and jail sentences to the limit for "moonshiners" and "bootleggers" were urged by Judge Bethurum, who declared that he "proposes to keep up the fight for law enforcement until every criminal is driven from his district."

Many of the judges declared their intention to "urge jurors to impose the maximum fine and prison term for persons charged with violating the prohibition laws."

Commonwealth's attorneys, taking up the discussion, pledged the judges co-operation in law enforcement by asking the jurors to return indictments and the petit jurors to convict in every case where the evidence would warrant conviction.

Governor Morrow made no exception of any section of the state in his charge that the law is being violated. He told the judges and attorneys: "Piled high on my desk at Frankfort are letters from fathers and mothers as well as others, who are interested in law enforce-

ment, telling of flagrant violation of the prohibition law in their communities."

**Calls Problem Serious.**

Governor Morrow described the liquor violations as one of the most serious problems before the officials today. He said that "religious meetings are being broken up, schools disturbed and private meetings interrupted by users of whisky."

In his annual address John H. Gilliam, of Scottsville, president of the Commonwealth Attorneys' Association, said that the liquor laws are being violated as never before in his district. He said the condition is one that calls for heroic effort on the part of law-abiding citizens, and urged the attorneys to help in every way possible in stamping out crime.

While the association of attorneys will not hold its election until this morning, the judges' association yesterday elected the following officers for 1921:

B. J. Bethurum, Somerset, president; J. F. Dorsey, Henderson, vice president, and W. H. Fields, Louisville, secretary and treasurer. Judge Fields has held office for the past twelve years.

The report of the committee on law reform of the Commonwealth Attorneys' Association was read by J. B. Snyder, of Williamsburg, chairman, who reviewed the work of the last session of the state Legislature.

The only recommendation made during the present session of the association was one seeking strict enforcement of the prohibition statutes. It was suggested that the office of district detective be created, the officer to be appointed by the Commonwealth Attorney and answerable to him, with power to execute warrants.—Louisville Herald.

**99,967 Ford Cars Made in Month**

During October 99,967 Ford cars were made in the Ford factory at Detroit and shipped out to join the four and one-half million already in service. This is the highest record ever reached by the Ford Company, or any other company. Thirty-three more cars would have brought production up to the 100,000 mark for the month.

October 26 was the banner day, having brought forth 4,688 cars. This was also a record breaker. It means that one car was completed every eighteen and one-half seconds for the entire twenty-four hour day. The Ford estimate for this year is one and one-quarter million cars and trucks.

It was during the fall of 1909 that Henry Ford placed on the market his now famous Model "T"—the car that brought Ford unquestioned supremacy in the motor car industry. To date, more than four and one-half million of this one model have been built and distributed to the four corners of the world. Of models prior to the "T", thirty thousand were manufactured.

During 1910, 18,644 Ford cars were built, a tremendous output for those days. Yet in ten years from that time Ford production has grown to more than one million a year.

Almost half of the motor cars in the world are Ford cars. In the United States and Canada, a little better than one-half are Fords.

**EDITORIAL**

Taylor County and Adair make up a legislative district, and this year is Taylor's time to select a representative. We hope that a good business man will be elected. No candidate has announced up to this date.

A dispatch from Tompkinsville says that the moonshiners of Monroe county have put upon foot an ingenious system. The band is divided into marketing and recovering branches. When a purchaser goes to the purchasing point, gets his whisky and starts on his way rejoicing, he is met by the recovering squad, who tell him they are government agents and that they were ordered to confiscate all liquors. The man loses his liquor, and the recovering squad carry it back to the purchasing stand and it is again sold.

W. T. Kissel, of Louisville, had better stayed at home with the woman that loved him much, instead of darting into gambling hells. He worked for one firm thirty-two years and saved enough money to go into the grocery business. He was doing nicely until he commenced gambling, and it was not long until he lost his entire stock of goods. He could not face his wife and children and he left home, and was not found until he saw in a paper a prayer offered by his little daughter for his return. He was in Texas, and he left at once in answer to the prayer. When he reached his residence he was gladly received by his wife and little daughter, but he found the pair of twins he left had been buried two weeks.

**Special Attention.**

The Rev. Leonidas Robinson, of Louisville, educational secretary for the Louisville conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has called district meetings in each of the seven districts of the conference, where the ministers, leading educators and representative laymen will discuss plans for inaugurating the Christian Education movement in the districts.

The schedule of meetings as announced by Dr. Robinson, is Hopkinsville district, at Princeton, January 4; Henderson district, at Henderson, January 5; Owensboro district, at Owensboro, January 9; Elizabethtown district at Shepherdsville, January 7; and Columbia district, at Columbia, January 12. Meetings have already been held in the Louisville and Bowling Green districts, with great interest shown.

Among the speakers on the program for the meetings in the western districts are: Dr. A. P. Lyon, Dr. A. R. Kasey, Mrs. W. J. Piggott, Dr. Robinson and F. T. Harned. For the meetings in the eastern districts, the speakers are Rev. R. V. Bennett, Rev. J. G. Akin, W. J. Piggott, Dr. J. W. Johnson and Dr. Robinson.

Kentucky Methodists are especially interested in the Christian Education movement because six educational institutions are maintained by the Southern Methodist church in the state, and the future growth and influence of these schools is largely linked with the success of the movement.

**Ford Builds Largest Boiler.**

Hole eight Ford cars; contain six miles of pipes.

The largest power house boilers in the world are now being installed in one of the Ford Motor Company's Detroit plants. To demonstrate just how big they really are, eight full-grown Ford cars were driven into one of them recently.

The cars were lined up just outside the building, then, one at a time, they were driven inside, caught up in a rope sling, hoisted to the second floor and driven into the huge boiler.

Each boiler is enclosed in brick settings, with specially designed furnaces for burning pulverized coal. This in itself is a new feature in this kind of a boiler. While some experiments have been made with pulverized coal, yet, no boiler has ever before been specially constructed to use it. But Henry Ford departs easily from precedent in power producing plants, and once satisfied that pulverized coal is practical, he ordered special equipment designed and built for the new Power House.

The boiler furnace will consume eighteen tons of coal an hour. The coal, which is ground so fine that it passes through an unusually fine screen, is fed into the furnace from near the top. Inside, it is caught up by an air current which keeps it in circulation, and it is burned while in suspension. It touches neither the side nor the bottom of the furnace, until as ashes it drops underneath into an ash pit.

From the time the coal for these boilers leaves the Ford mines in West Virginia and Kentucky until it is carried away as ashes it is never handled by hand. All of the operations are handled mechanically—dumping, pulverizing, carrying to the bins, stoking, even to carrying the ashes away in small dummy cars.

A battery of eight of these huge boilers is being built; one is already completed and operating successfully.

**Canton Okla**

Jan. 4, 1921.

Adair County News,

Columbia, Ky.

Gentlemen,—

Enclosed find my subscription for your paper. It is interesting and a pleasant visitor to our home.

Was sorry to hear of the death of one of my best friends and cousins, J. F. Triplett. I often think of the good times we had in our boyhood days. He was a man of the most sterling character. I was also sorry to hear of the death of my old friend, J. K. P. Conover. We are having nice winter weather. Have not had much cold weather. Times are pretty close here. The bottom has dropped out of farm products, wheat \$1.60 and corn 40c a bushel, and hogs \$7.70. We were lucky and sold our wheat for \$2.50 and \$2.60 per bushel under Democratic prosperity.

W. W. Murrell.

We don't need the enactment of any Blue Laws. There would be more sense in the enforcement of the Red, White and Blue laws we already have.—Toledo Blade.

THE NEWS is \$1.50 and \$2.00 per year. Send in our subscription at once.

The Louisville

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**CARDUI**

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A requisition was issued by the Governor for the extradition from Sacramento, Calif., of Frank Sain, charged with the murder of W. S. Crabtree in Letcher County.

Of course John Barleycorn is dead, but the inquest is not over.

Good luck is the offspring of Hard Work and Common sense.

When there can be two firsts, Bryan and Borah may agree.

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